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The Week

WHAT the conference of the Premiers accomplished in London we have not yet been told. There are denials, in the British press, that the conference met to establish a new military alliance; rejoicings, in the French press, that the alliance has already been achieved. The two most substantial decisions arrived at seem to have been concerned with the Adriatic and with Russia. One problem the Premiers are reported to have dealt with on a basis of the Treaty of London; the other by abandoning once for all their mad policy of intervention and by considering positive measures to put an end to that civil warfare which they themselves have so largely fomented.

"THE COAL STRIKE is settled as the government wanted it settled," says the Attorney-General —but more than one party in the controversy does not think that it is settled at all. The miners obviously regard the 14 per cent award as an interim arrangement which is to be followed by a further increase. The operators of Central Pennsylvania declare it "merely a postponement of the showdown, which in our opinion is bound to come." Mr. Garfield is sure that "if the President were well" he would never support a program so hostile to public interest. And a considerable portion of the public itself has come to believe there will be no peace in the bituminous coal industry until some basic reorganization keeps the mines open more than 35.5 hours weekly of a possible 51.2. But at any rate we have a respite. The government can breathe again. In August it asked the railway employees to wait for a cost of living that didn't fall; in December it asks the miners to wait for wages that may not rise. The government lives by asking for time out. Sufficient unto the day is the statesmanship thereof.

WHERE the coal strike ended first was in North Dakota. In that state the Governor took over the mines, the companies appealed, and Judge Amidon of the District Court sustained the action of the Governor. What is significant is the fact that as soon as the mines were taken over by the state the miners went back to work without any increase of wages or decrease in hours. They were willing to work for the state. They expected it to play fair with them. They were not willing to work at inadequate wages for the private profit of private owners in an industry that is really public. This is an attitude apparent in the ranks of the railway workers as well as the miners; and it is based on a conviction in which we may not be able to remain indefinitely uninterested.

IT IS difficult to believe that the President will return the railroads to private ownership on January 1st. Debate on the Cummins bill has shown the regulars to be indifferent in their support and the more progressive members of the Senate

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vigorous in their opposition. Even should the bill be forced through before Christmas it will be impossible to get an agreement in conference, with the representatives of the House, in less than two or three months. Congress would accordingly feel itself obliged to enact interim legislation guaranteeing the net income of the roads, despite the fact that the federal government would have no further control over their expenditures, their traffic policy or their treatment of labor. The risks in such a program are obvious enough, even if they hold no terror for members of Congress.

SENATOR HITCHCOCK refuses to be stampeded by the White House statement that Mr. Wilson will make no move toward a "compromise or concession of any kind." He declares that "when the President alludes to concessions and compromises he surely means, I am sure, that he has none in mind. He does not mean that he will not accept them." Even with this interpretation it is not easy to see an early settlement of differences and a ratification of the Treaty. The President has put the Democrats in a position where, caught more than half-way on the road to compromise, they may fear that going further will look like treachery to their leader.

HOW FAR the official Democrats were ready to go, Mr. Hitchcock indicated in his recent address before the Southern Society, in New York City. "Reservations are inevitable," he said; and they should make "clear beyond peradventure" that the League of Nations has no control of any sort over the Monroe Doctrine or the various "domestic affairs" of the United States. Senator Hitchcock, in other words, was ready to accept all the selfishly national reservations of the Senate. He was not only ready to accept them, but declared they were part of "the real meaning of the Covenant of the League of Nations, and there is no objection to making it clear." What divides Mr. Hitchcock from his party opponents seems principally to be Shantung and Article X.

AMERICAN owners of oil rights in Mexico declare that Carranza has stopped the drilling of ten new wells; the Shipping Board fears a shortage of fuel-oil for American vessels; and many columns of newspaper space are devoted to the crisis. But the New York World points out that three weeks ago the Director of the United States Geological Survey informed the Shipping Board, in reply to a query, that the estimated daily potential capacity of the wells in Mexico was 1,592,741 barrels and the actual daily capacity 174,872. "What has become of the difference between a potential capacity of 1,592,741 barrels and an actual capacity of 174,872 barrels?" asks the World. "And what renders these ten new wells, for which the Carranza government has refused drilling permits, so immediately necessary to prevent a fuel-oil famine? Is it not a fact that the oil interests is Mexico have neither the pipe lines nor the tankage to take care of the capacity flow from the wells that they have already drilled? Is it not a further fact that this flurry over the action of the Carranza government is merely a by-product of the organized propaganda of the oil interests and the interventionists?"

THE FOUR short planks in the platform adopted by the convention of the Committee of 48 in St. Louis call for public ownership of public utilities, increased income and inheritance taxes, no land or patents to be held for speculation, free speech, right of collective bargaining and abolition of the injunction in labor cases. No definite decision was made in St. Louis about the organization of a new party. The executive committee was empowered to confer with representatives of other organizations having a platform of the same general character—with instructions to report back to a second convention to be held in the spring.

THE FIVE members of the American Legion who tried to prevent the St. Louis convention were not acting officially for the organization, but on their own responsibility. Officially the Legion announces that it is aware of no effort at interference. The five members, however, had good precedent for their action. The Legion is busy with raids and riots in various parts of the country. It is an interesting fact that about the time of this St. Louis incident, organizers of three other societies—the World War Veterans, the Soldiers, Sailors and Marines Association, and the Rank and File Veterans—were effecting a national merger in Washington. These amalgamated societies now claim to represent five hundred thousand veterans. They specifically attack the "so-called American Legion" for its tampering with the civil liberties guaranteed by the Constitution.

IN NEW YORK CITY the Board of Education has a new plan for combating Bolshevism. Unless sober second thought matures, the Board is going to withhold diplomas from all public school children who do not sign a pledge agreeing that when they grow up they will "respect" the President of the United States (would this have clipped the

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wings of the youthful Lodge?) and that they will also "oppose all revolutionary movements such as Bolshevism, Anarchism, I. W. W.-ism, or any movement antagonistic to the laws of the United States or tending to subvert the Constitution." The phrase "or any movement" is likely to include socialism, radicalism, liberalism, progressivism or anything standing as far to the left as the Bull Moose dogma of 1912. Certain members of the American Legion confused the Bull Moose and the Bolsheviki, last week in St. Louis. More than once the Board of Education in New York has given evidence of the same feeling.

ON FRIDAY a group of thirty-five women representing the American Women's Emergency Committee visited Wall Street with banners protesting against the Russian blockade. They had been told by the police that an earlier demonstration of the same sort did not require a permit. On the present occasion, however, one of the marchers was stopped by a policeman who insisted that she accompany him to headquarters. This officer explained to his superior that some of the women were carrying banners. But he could not remember what was printed on them, and after a short conference his prisoner was released. "Insufficient evidence" was the reason given. One wonders what "sufficient evidence" would have been, in the case of American women conducting an orderly protest against the blockade of Russia.

Is Labor in Politics?

THE recent "Labor Conference" in Washington and the "Bill of Rights" of the organized American worker which it delivered to the public will not contribute either to the greater unity of the American labor movement or to a more sympathetic and understanding attitude towards it on the part of the public. The Executive Committee of the A. F. of L. called the meeting immediately after the failure of the Industrial Conference, apparently for the purpose of uniting the workers upon a common policy, of reaching a positive agreement with other groups in the community which are also opposed to Garyism and of presenting to the American public a persuasive statement of the case for organized labor. Its friends hoped for on open convention in which the several non-revolutionary groups in American labor would be fully represented, in which there would be a free discussion of differences and a genuine meeting of minds, and which would end by cleaning up the ambiguities in the policy of organized labor and in the public recognition of the necessity of supplementing direct with organized political action. But instead of an open conference, a secret conclave. Instead of diversified representation and free discussion, a predigested "Bill of Rights," from official headquarters. Instead of a frank recognition and a settlement of the very real intrinsic differences of opinion, a careful attempt to conceal them under the smooth exterior of a statement which evades all the future difficulties without being calculated to reassure and persuade the American public. As usual the A. F. of L. machine has proved too circumspect and too powerful for the welfare of its own membership. It operates with all the efficiency of a party machine and like a party machine thinks chiefly in terms of its own domination and of internal "harmony" obtained by means of the suppression of differences and the sacrifice of conviction.

The ambiguity of the "Bill of Rights" consists in its crass evasion of any announcement upon the most important and most debatable immediate question of labor policy. What the workers themselves most need to know about their own future behavior and what the public needs most to know about labor is whether or not it proposes in the future to supplement direct with political action. This knowledge the Labor Conference withholds from its own constituency and from the other groups in the community. Inasmuch as organized labor has renounced political organization in the past and now refuses to announce any change of future policy, it is presumably still opposed to participation in a labor party, but that is not the whole story. A large percentage of the one hundred and nineteen international unions, whose representatives recently assembled at Washington also sent representatives to the recent convention of the Labor Party in Chicago. Where do they really stand? Furthermore, the proclamation issued by the Washington Conference explicitly states that "the issues herein enumerated require action of our people in both the economic and *political* field." It asks for the assistance of other groups in "combating the forces of industrial and *political* autocracy." If this means a labor party supported by the American Federation of Labor, why not say so? If it does not mean a labor party, what in the world does it mean?

Other sections in the "Bill of Rights" render the ambiguity more serious. A large part of the declaration is occupied with a sturdy and eloquent defense of the right to strike. Its authors were fully justified in defending the right to strike at

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a time when Congress is threatening to pass anti-strike legislation and when the federal courts are still willing to condemn strikes by process of injunction. The strike is the only instrument which labor, organized or unorganized, possesses with which to protect its liberties and welfare against the existing autocratic management of industry. As long as the industrial management remains autocratic labor can, will and should cling to the strike as its indispensable safeguard against oppression. But while all this is both true and important, a wise labor leadership would publicly admit how dangerous and costly the weapon is and the extent to which the American people are entitled to be reassured against its possible future abuse. The weakness of the case which the "Bill of Rights" presents on behalf of direct action is that it fails to recognize how easily the employment of the strike by powerful unions even for apparently economic purposes can threaten public order and consequently be transposed into a source of political peril. It opens up to the imagination of the non-unionist reader the vista of an indefinite succession of strikes, which might become irresistible just in so far as labor is powerfully organized and which, if irresistible, would amount in effect to placing the economic life of the country under compulsory working-class control.

A labor "Bill of Rights" which places such an overwhelming emphasis on the "right to strike" would do well, consequently, to mitigate that emphasis by supplementary explanations. It should above all explain candidly how radical the changes are which the State should insist on introducing into the existing autocratic organization of industry in order to modify or do away with the right to strike and the consequent condition of latent or actual industrial warfare. The adoption of union recognition and collective bargaining would diminish the legitimate causes of labor discontent and unrest, but they look in the direction of a constitutional monarchy resting on a privileged class rather than on genuine industrial democracy. They presuppose the use of the strike, if negotiation fails, and they only moderate without removing the autocratic management of industry which is the real source of the trouble. What labor really needs is some kind of a partnership in the management of industry, obtained by constitutional means and with the consent of public opinion. It should frankly avow this purpose, frankly admit the impossibility of obtaining it by the use of such an equivocal weapon as the strike, and frankly draw the obvious conclusion.

The obvious conclusion is, as we have said, the announcement by organized labor of its intention of forming a national labor party whose essential purpose it would be to devise and advocate methods of "developing our industrial machinery for service." The industrial machinery cannot be reorganized in the interest of service except with the assistance of the State. The carrying out of such a program calls for the assistance and the authority of the State. Labor cannot obtain the assistance of the State and exercise any effective influence on the way in which the authority of the State is used, unless it expressly organizes and agitates for political as well as for industrial purposes. Such organization and agitation are indispensable methods of adapting its class purposes to those of the other classes and of the community as a whole. Whenever undertaken it will provoke in the beginning hostility and fear on the part of other special interests. For any radical political innovation arouses the fear of conventional people and the hostility of those whose privileges are imperilled, but in the course of time a labor party, supported by the federated unions, would make for class confidence, class concert and social appeasement. It would make for class co-operation because a labor party could not win elections by polling only labor votes; and it would make for social appeasement because it would keep the final arbitrament where a democracy should keep it, in the region of public discussion and political decision. The danger of the emphasis which the "Bill of Rights" places on "direct action" is that it tends to keep the final arbitrament in the region of class warfare and class compulsion. In spite of the excellent intentions of trades-union leaders, a labor movement which seeks the democratic reorganization of industry and which depends exclusively or chiefly on direct action cannot help drifting towards the use of revolutionary methods. That is why it is necessary for organized labor to enter politics. That is also why the evasive and equivocal attitude, adopted by the Labor Conference towards the fundamental question and decision, calls for criticism and reversal.

The Anarchist Deportations

TO champion the legal rights of the anarchist in America today is to invite almost universal obloquy. There is a widespread fear that the bonds of habit, of loyalty, and of patriotism which held society together before the war, have been loosened by five terrible years of conflict, and it is perhaps natural that we should regard with unreasoning hatred the man who openly proclaims that those bonds are the chains of slavery, and bids us rise

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and cast them off. It is not entirely surprising that whenever we see the mild and well-meaning philosopher who reads Tolstoi and Kropotkin and Ferrer, we clothe him in the terrifying garb of a red-handed bomb-thrower. Even men of liberal opinion, who think of the state as the instrument of industrial progress, find it hard to be patient with a man who insists that the state must be abolished.

Yet a policy has been pursued by Congress and the Administration which must force those who have any respect for American traditions to take the unpopular side, and insist that even where anarchists are concerned the principles of liberty of speech and opinion and of due process of law which are embedded in our constitutional structure must not be set aside. That no man shall be held to account merely for his opinions, however obnoxious they may be, that no man shall be deprived of his liberty without a fair judicial trial, these are among the fundamentals of true Americanism. Yet in the case of aliens even suspected of anarchist sympathies, they are being flagrantly violated.

Under acts of Congress as they are now interpreted and enforced by the Bureau of Immigration, and sustained in the lower federal courts, any person who is not a citizen of the United States, however long he may have been a resident, however peaceable and law-abiding he may have been, may be summoned before an inspector of the Bureau of Immigration and subjected to an inquisition into his beliefs. He may prove that he has never advocated, and does not believe in, violence, disobedience to law, or active opposition to the government. He may be a non-resistant, a philosophic anarchist, a follower of Tolstoi and Kropotkin, he may never have taken a single active step toward bringing about the state-less millennium for which he yearns. Not for what he has done, not even for what he has publicly advocated, but for his private opinions as extracted in a governmental inquisition, he can be banished from the United States. He is entitled to no trial by jury in a court of justice. The usual safeguards of due process of law are denied him. Even the issue of his citizenship may be conclusively passed upon by the immigration inspector and his administrative superiors. The only jurisdiction the courts can exercise is through the mechanism of a writ of habeas corpus to ascertain that the immigration inspector gave the suspect a hearing, and the opportunity (generally illusory because of the suspect's poverty) of representation by counsel, that he did not misinterpret the law, and there was some evidence upon which he could act.

A few illustrations, taken from the records of the deportation inquisitions, will show that this picture is not overdrawn.

David Horwath is a member of the I. W. W., but no evidence is presented that he has ever violated even a police ordinance. Under examination he admitted that he believes in organizing the working class to take over the industries of the country. He believes in a general strike. He does not believe in violence or force. "Don't you think a strike or lockout is force?" he is asked. "I don't know." He does not believe in bomb plots. "Do you believe in God?" "No." He is ordered deported.

Stephen Torok is another I. W. W. He admits that he believes in sabotage, which he defines as "doing eight hours work in eight hours instead of ten hours work in eight hours." He does not believe in destroying property. He believes the workers will ultimately take over the government and establish their own industrial government, courts, laws and judges. "Things will be made for use and not for profit." He is closely questioned as to when the revolution is to take place, but he says he does not know. He is ordered deported.

Kalman Pantek is also a member of the I. W. W. He once studied to be a priest. "I learnt from the priest, God made man free." He says he believes in the Bible: "If you do not work, you do not eat." He does not believe in anarchism. Philosophical anarchism "is good for a dream, and may be four thousand years from now." People would have to be angels to make it work. He does not approve of the Bolsheviki, because they have established a dictatorship. He also is ordered deported.

Joseph Lesko, too, has joined the I. W. W., which he understands to mean "more wages and shorter hours." He believes the workers should take control of industry. "Then you think we won't need any government at that time?" "If the people want the government they can give their votes for the government." Since all the people will "run things" it will not be necessary to use force. "Do you believe in internationalism?" "Yes." "Do you believe there ought to be an organization representing all the countries of the world?" "I do not think." "Have not any idea?" "Well, I cannot tell you." He is likewise ordered deported.

Louis Gyori also believes that the workers should control industries, either through the I. W. W. or the A. F. of L. or some other body. There will be local and national workmen's councils. "Who would belong?" "Workers." "What would become of the other people?" "Everyone would work." — — — — "Would there be any money,

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or would we just buy everything with our own work?" "I cannot tell that at the present time." He does not know when the revolution will come, but is certain it will come only when the majority want it. He hopes it will come without violence. He does not believe in killing officials. "That would be madness." He does not consider himself an anarchist, because he believes in organization. He, too, is ordered deported, the report of the inspector adding "Very careful and steady questioning was necessary to bring out the alien's beliefs, political and industrial."

Finally there is the case of Frank R. Lopez, a Spaniard who has acted, without pay, as distributing agent of the publishing house connected with the "Modern School" of the late Francisco Ferrer. His case has been brought by habeas corpus into the federal courts, and will be argued before long in the Supreme Court of the United States. He has distributed Spanish literature, including books and papers on the labor movement and philosophic anarchism. The following is an extract from the inquisition before the immigrant inspector:

> "Do you believe or advocate the overthrow by violence or force of the Government of the United States?" "No, sir."
>
> "Any other government, Spanish, or Italian, or Mexican?" "No, sir; our ideals are founded on education."
>
> "What are your ideals?" "Free thinking."
>
> "Don't you believe in the power of authority?" "What do you mean?"
>
> "Organized government. Don't you think if the President gives an order when Congress empowers him that it should be obeyed?" "Yes, the orders should be obeyed."
>
> "Do you believe in the propriety of assassination of public officials of the United States or any other government?" "No, sir, not only of officials but of nobody. Everybody has a right to live."
>
> "Do you believe in anarchy?" "What do you mean by anarchy?"
>
> "Well, it would be anarchy to fight against the laws of the United States; tear down buildings, blow them up." "Anything else? I believe in anarchy, but not in the way you explain it. I believe in anarchy, but it is not the way you explain it, or the way the newspapers say anarchy is. Anarchy the way the newspapers explain it, assassinating women and children, dropping bombs, or anything like that, I don't believe in that. But I believe in teaching, educating and telling the people to better their conditions. If you mean that, I am proud of being an anarchist. I am against killing and against destruction. We are to construct."

Lopez, also, has been ordered deported, and the order has been sustained both in the federal district court and the circuit court of appeals.

How such cases will fare in the Supreme Court remains to be seen. The court many years ago sustained the constitutionality of administrative exclusion of aliens accused of being anarchists, without judicial trial, and of administrative deportation of suspected alien anarchists who entered the United States in violation of the immigration laws. It has not yet passed upon the constitutionality of administrative deportation of aliens who entered the United States lawfully and without subterfuge, but whose subsequently acquired opinions render them obnoxious to Congress. It is to be hoped that the court will recognize that a foreigner who entered the United States lawfully, and has become a resident, is as much entitled to the protection of the First Amendment as a citizen, and that his deportation for subsequent violation of an anarchist statute is essentially a punishment which should be inflicted only after trial by jury under due process of law.

Yet it is well not to rely too much on the courts as guardians of our liberties. While the Supreme Court has not hesitated to spread the protecting mantle of the Constitution over property rights by the broadest possible construction of general terms, the recent free speech decisions indicate that where fundamental personal rights are at stake the tendency is to whittle down those general terms by narrow construction. Nor can it be denied that the more vociferous part of public opinion would support a decision denying the most fundamental constitutional rights, so long as the victim is an alien with radical sympathies. Indeed the clamor in some quarters has been that the Bureau of Immigration has been too lenient, that it has been too solicitous of the rights of aliens, that it has not been ruthless enough. The amazing proposal is made that the power to order a deportation should be conferred, not on the Bureau of Immigration, where it now rests, nor on the courts, where it rightly belongs, but on the Department of Justice. Apparently it is believed that a Department which is accustomed to the role of prosecutor will have fewer conscientious and constitutional scruples when it undertakes the role of judge. Yet it is impossible to believe that the average American, brought up to believe that in this country if nowhere else opinions are free, accustomed to the spirit of fair play in judicial procedure, and with an ingrained detestation of Tsarist administrative methods, will in the long run tolerate such governmental outrages. If we do not repent and expiate the anarchist deportations and sedition prosecutions of 1919, as we repented and expiated the prosecutions under the alien and sedition laws of 1798, our national worship of liberty and due process of law will indeed have a hollow sound.

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M. Clemenceau Discusses Everything

WHEN asked what he would discuss during his visit to London M. Clemenceau is reported to have answered: "Everything." The subject is an ample one, and yet M. Clemenceau is right. In the present state of the world it is difficult to discuss anything without discussing everything.

It is about a year since the Peace Conference assembled. What is the prospect? On paper a settlement has been made with Germany, with certain of the fragments of the Dual Monarchy, with Bulgaria. There is no settlement with Russia, with China, or with Turkey. There is no settlement in the Balkans. But what settlement there is was founded on assumptions which are of basic importance. Under the treaties as conceived in Paris, France was considered the administrator of the peace upon the continent. As administrator she was to act through Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, Greece and possibly Jugoslavia. Act how? As a wedge inserted between Germany and Russia. This wedge, known as the sanitary cordon, was to keep Russia out of western Europe, and Germany out of Russia and the Near East. Both Germany and Russia were to be more or less permanently treated as the objects of diplomacy much as China has always been. There was to be only one great power on the continent, France, one second class power, Italy, the rest were to be negligible neutrals (diplomatically), or satellites.

In the outer rim England was to be dominant. The conception was truly grandiose, though no doubt it was not conceived so magnificently all at once. Yet during 1919 the whole outer rim of the Eurasian and African land mass was in the process of being penetrated by the British. Starting in the northwest the mastery of the North Sea was completed by the surrender of the German fleet. This opened the Baltic to British control, and brought the Baltic states under British influence. Yudenitch's advance on Petrograd was the aggressive spear point of this advance. Next came Murmansk and Archangel. There Americans fighting under British command, together with a medley of other nationalities were thrust from the sea base over two hundred miles into the land. Nature herself guards the rest of the Arctic coast fairly well. The next port of entry into the continental territory is Vladivostok. From there along the railroad as far as European Russia a thrust was organized under the tutelage of General Knox. South of this the penetration of the continent was left for a certain area in charge of Japan, accredited by the Shantung decision of the Peace Conference. Then came the various Chinese concessions to Britain and France. Then Indo-China under French rule. Then the British satellite Kingdom of Siam. Then British India. Then the subdued Indian frontier states. Then the satellite province of Persia. Between it and British Egypt the new Arab kingdom. With the African acquisitions there were thus achieved the Cape to Cairo and the Cairo to Calcutta projects. In the Mediterranean the situation was more confused owing to Italy's conflict in the Adriatic with Jugoslavia and her backers.

Nothing so vast as these operations has ever been conceived in human history. The concentration of responsibility in Paris and London is staggering to the imagination. On those two capitals had devolved the task which before the war was divided among six or eight. Moreover the responsibility was accepted at the end of an exhausting war which had shaken credit, broken down production, and poisoned with a thousand hatreds and suspicions classes and races and sects.

The alternative to this policy of Versailles would have been a peace with Germany on the basis of the armistice and peace with Russia on the basis of the Prinkipo plan. This policy would not only have restored to productivity the chief industrial area and the chief agricultural and mineral area of Europe and Asia, it would have rendered unnecessary the whole bric-a-brac of the cordon sanitaire and the military interventions in Russia. The fundamental reason why this alternative policy was not adopted is that America was relied upon to finance and support the other. The superficial, wellmeaning comment on the Paris Conference, typified by the New York Evening Post, is that while the President failed somewhat, he did force a compromise on certain issues. It is argued that without him Foch would have taken the Rhine frontier, Italy Fiume, etc., etc. Now it is true that Mr. Wilson toned down details. But they were details of a settlement which in its fundamental conception could not be carried through had Europeans not assumed falsely that America would enter what for all practical purposes was a complete military alliance. The whole business of the cordon sanitaire, the interventions, and the autocratic Reparations Commission presupposes an American military alliance. The French treaty plus the Covenant as written were the documentary basis of this alliance. Mr. Wilson may have improved a bit here and there, but the sort of entanglement which he blindly accepted was the foundation on which the peace was built. Without the foundation no informed and

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clear-minded European would have dreamed that such a settlement as was accepted in 1919 had the smallest chance of enduring.

The course of events overwhelmingly confirms the truth of this. The whole circle of operations in Russia is a humiliating failure, and the interventions must be abandoned this year. Why? Because they are immoral? There is no question of morality. Because America alone could supply the force necessary to make them effective, and America will not supply it. As to Germany, a process of appeasement has already set in simply because the power is lacking to enforce the spirit of the Treaty of Versailles. The statesmen do not dare to do what Foch would like to do because the Treaty is unratified in Washington. So long as American wealth and man power seemed to be available so that they could be drawn upon at will, the politicians of Europe saw everything through distorting glasses. Now that the Senate has made it clear that America was not to be counted upon as planned, the realities of Europe have begun to reappear. At the bottom of any discussion of everything between Mr. George and M. Clemenceau will be the supreme fact that the diplomatic policy of 1919 is scrapped. This will not be openly confessed, of course, but the year 1920 will see "reinterpretations," withdrawals, amendments all along the line.

The peace and order of Europe depend upon the candor with which the failure of peace-making in 1919 is recognized. If the wild men should prevail, if the policy of 1919 is pursued though America, the basis of that policy, is out of it, the result will in all probability be widespread disaster. Versailles was probably unworkable with America; it is utterly unworkable without her, and no one knows this better than M. Clemenceau. But cleancut acknowledgment of the facts as they are is hardly to be expected. It is more probable that the diplomatic contraption will chip here, sag there, collapse at another place and finally run down into a kind of international twitch. This is better than the violent convulsions which would have followed the full enforcement of the diplomacy of 1919.

The indispensable preliminary to the real peace conference of the future is a change of administration in some of the big powers. That will come because the present cabinets are in no position to deal with the social problems which have been aggravated so hideously by the failure to make peace. When their failure is demonstrated, and they go out, the necessity of a new world conference will be plainly evident. For the devices of those who schemed a little too boldly, and dreamed a little too wildly at Paris will by that time be more utterly discredited before public opinion even than they now are. It will be said of the statesmen at Paris that they failed to make peace, that they fomented disorder, that they delayed reconstruction, all because in the armistice year they could not discuss anything in the light of everything. Specifically it will be said that they could not estimate clearly the world position of seven hundred million people in China, Russia and Germany.

A Gap in Labor Policy

WITHOUT the support of public opinion labor can not hope to make substantial gains. That is a principle that admits of less frequent exceptions as capital becomes better organized and more skilled in propaganda. Compare the present condition of the coal strikers with that of the steel strikers. The coal strikers have won little, but something. Public opinion, at first heavily against them, veered toward friendly neutrality as their real grievances came to be known, but more especially as the charge of profiteering by the mine operators gained color. Had the operators been organized as a single vast corporation, showing profits of no more than the present average of the industry, instead of forming a group of separate enterprises with profits ranging all the way from nothing to an imagination-stirring two thousand per cent, had they enjoyed the favor of the press that so great a combination of wealth could command, the workers would probably have been starved into unconditional surrender. Look at the case of the steel strikers. They have as good grievances as the coal strikers, or better. They are denied the elementary right of organization; if their wages are less inadequate and their employment less uncertain, yet a large proportion of them have to live, or rather perish, under the twelve hour day, seven-day week system of slavery. Yet public opinion is indifferent to their case, and since it is indifferent, their chance of winning anything at all is slender indeed.

Organized labor must hold the support of the general public, or experience defeat after defeat. That support, however, is not to be won and held without effort. For while the outsider might be counted on to sympathize with the under dog, if his own interests were not involved, every serious labor dispute must affect the interests of the outsider, and for the time, unfavorably. One's passion for social justice is somewhat chilled by an acute fuel crisis, or by indefinite delays in the supplying of housing requirements due to failing deliveries of

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structural materials. The workers ought to have living wages and reasonable hours and decent conditions of employment, generally. That is universally agreed. But we of the general public have a right to steady and abundant supplies of the goods we require, and at prices not needlessly inflated by inefficiency. Labor needs the support of the public for the proper solution of its problem. What has it to offer for the solution of the public's problem, productive efficiency?

It may be argued that in solving its own problem labor is indirectly solving the problem of efficiency. Well-paid labor is more efficient than ill-paid. What once seemed a pure paradox is now commonplace; high wages are more likely than not to mean cheap labor. The international competitive position of the United States proves the validity of this principle. There is no cheap labor country, not India nor Japan nor China, that can meet our prices on industrial products, where we have a fair field. And no doubt, when our standards of living have gone still higher above the world average, we shall be even more formidable competitors. But no such general principle can serve to quiet the misgivings that arise in each particular case, when the avowed program of labor appears to imply the limitation of efficiency, not its promotion. There is no doubt that all the propaganda of the employers was less potent to turn the public against the coal strikers than the strikers' widely misinterpreted demand for a six hour day and a five day week. They appeared to be seeking to raise their wages by restricting the service they were ready to give in return—and not on the ground that the short day would be an efficient one, or as laborious a day as an American workman should be expected to endure, but on the ground that it would make a limited amount of employment go round. They later made it clear that they were not trying to reduce their aggregate working time, but to distribute it better through the year. That strengthened their position with the public. They could have strengthened it far more if they had come forward with a plan by which full employment might attend an adequate wage. A living wage for efficient performance; that is the kind of demand the public would support. Too frequently labor appears to ignore or disparage all considerations of efficient performance.

That is not without its good reason. The matter of efficiency, as a fact, has formed a part of the employer's propaganda. It is his ready excuse for starvation wages, his most effective argument against any proposal to substitute something like constitutionalism for his present position of economic absolutism. Moreover, efficiency is often merely a part of the employer's technique of exploitation. He may argue for efficiency on social grounds, but he works for it on grounds of profit. Let a group of workmen propose to raise their efficiency by their own means and thus to raise their wages without either profit or loss to the employer; would he fall in with the plan, enthusiastically? No indeed; he would expect a generous toll out of the increased proceeds for himself. Still less would the employer fall in with efficiency plans if they threatened an immediate loss in profits, to be made up, in the long run, by an improvement in the general condition of society. Under our present scheme of economic organization efficiency works normally to the advantage of the employer; it may or may not offer tangible benefit to the employee. When unemployment is general, whatever makes labor more productive appears to throw still more men out of their jobs. It is then perfectly natural that organized labor should be rather cool toward projects for increasing the efficiency of production.

But efficiency is vital to the interest of the public, and the public sympathy is vital to the success of organized labor. It follows that those leaders of labor who are responsible for the working out of its broader policies, who represent its ideals before the general public, ought to address themselves to the problem of reconciling the interests of labor with the general social interest in productive efficiency. They ought to work out a scheme of relations between labor and capital under which the exertion of full productive power would be of immediate and palpable advantage to labor. This would be clearly the case with the railways under the Plumb plan. Indeed, if we adopted that plan we should be likely soon to encounter the miracle of a great industry introducing the principles of scientific management at the initiative of the workers. It would be worth the workers' while to track down waste and incompetence in detail.

But is it necessary to achieve nationalization of the capital of an industry before organized labor can afford to throw its weight on the side of maximum efficiency? Nationalization no doubt simplifies the problem. By making the return to capital—in this case interest on the bonds issued for the purchase of the properties—a fixed item, the efficiency of labor is directly related to the reward of labor. But the history of profit sharing indicates that a general sharing of the fruits of successful operation is of limited efficacy as a stimulus to individual effort. Such a profit sharing scheme as the Plumb plan involves would cut the ground

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from under the anti-efficiency argument, but it would not work very effectively toward the promotion of production or improved service unless it were supplemented by some device for the encouragement of exceptional performance and the suppression of slacking and shirking in the individual case. Even if the whole of the proceeds of industry were to go to labor, some such detailed control would be necessary. All that the most extreme socialization could offer in this direction would be that the control would be exerted by labor itself. It would probably not be less rigorous for that. But it would be divested of the character of domination from outside of the working class.

Such domination, everyone would admit, is incompatible with democracy, violative of the personal dignity of the worker. To endure the annoyances of speeding-up devices applied by the employer for his own profit, to hold one's living at the employer's whim—that is not the lot of a freeman. It is tolerated in a democracy only because efficiency must be had at all costs, and labor itself offers no alternative plan of attaining it.

Labor seeks to sell its services collectively, but it delivers them individually. It concerns itself with the price of services, but leaves it to the employer to find means of assuring himself that the services will actually be given. Where labor interferes with the employers' devices, it is by way of restrictions—needed, no doubt, but tending to confirm the popular impression that labor is indifferent to considerations of efficiency. All this is quite intelligible in view of the historical development of labor organizations in a medium of competitive capitalism. That medium, however, is giving way to one of organized capitalism where labor organizations must draw more and more upon the support of the general public and must therefore subserve, more and more, a public function. In the earlier period they shaped their policies upon the model of private business, and sought, like the business man, to get as much as they could for what they had to sell. In the present period they need to add statecraft to business, and look carefully to what they give.

They can give a guarantee of productive efficiency, if they will set about it. How it is to be done, whether by wages differentials under their own control, or by an accounting of performance and preferential employment applied by themselves, is for the labor organizations themselves to determine. They know their own psychology. The object to be attained is sufficiently clear. That is nothing short of the assumption by labor of full responsibility for efficiency control. If any speeding-up must be done, let it be done on the initiative of labor. If anyone is to be fired for slacking, let him be fired by his fellows. That would be playing the employer's game? Not if the contract of employment embodied such principles.

In thus insisting upon the obligation of labor to make the cause of efficiency its own, we may appear to be overlooking the employers' sins against effciency. We are not. We are quite aware of the fact that the aggregate waste of productive power that accompanies the pursuit of maximum profit must greatly exceed all possible losses in production resulting from labor's aloofness to considerations of maximum efficiency. We recognize that our national coal output suffered more from the failure of the mines to operate last summer than they suffered from the recent coal strike. The system of unlimited employer control is not one that makes for maximum production. But we are used to the wastes of that system, and have accepted them, not too wisely, as inevitable. Labor is moving for far reaching modifications in that system. It is moving toward a new social order. It will not wisely disregard the fact that men whose interests are not directly bound up with those of the opponents of labor are disturbed by the possibility that more power to labor might introduce new impediments to full production and make for general impoverishment. Nothing can reassure such neutrals except the working out by organized labor of a definite policy for the promotion of production. And until such a policy has been promulgated, it will always be easy for the employers to create the presumption that in fighting labor they are protecting the public in its right to supply itself with goods efficiently and cheaply produced.

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When the Big Four Met

This article is a chapter in a book soon to be published by Harcourt, Brace & Howe. The writer was the principal representative of the British Treasury at the Paris Peace Conference and sat as deputy for the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the Supreme Economic Council up to June 7, 1919. He resigned from these positions when it became finally evident that hope could no longer be entertained of substantial modification in draft terms of peace dishonorable to the Allies (as being contrary to their engagements) and disastrous to the established order of society throughout Europe. His book is in part a forecast of the disasters which acts of so great immorality and foolishness may possibly bring on us and in part an attempt to indicate some means of amelioration and of safety for a kind of civilization, which, in spite of its mean imperfections and recent tragical consequences is still the best next starting point from which may grow humane improvements and a new social evolution for Western Europe.

IN those parts of the Treaty with which I am here concerned, the lead was taken by the French, in the sense that it was generally they who made in the first instance the most definite and the most extreme proposals. This was partly a matter of tactics. When the final result is expected to be a compromise, it is often prudent to start from an extreme position; and the French anticipated at the outset—like most other persons—a double process of compromise, first of all to suit the ideas of their Allies and Associates, and secondly in the course of the Peace Conference proper with the Germans themselves. These tactics were justified by the event. Clemenceau gained a reputation for moderation with his colleagues in Council by often throwing over with an air of intellectual impartiality the more extreme proposals of his ministers; and much went through where the American and British critics were naturally a little ignorant of the true point at issue, or where too persistent criticism by France's Allies put them in a position, which they felt as invidious, of always appearing to take the enemy's part and to argue his case. Where, therefore, British and American interests were not seriously involved their criticism grew slack, and some provisions were thus passed which the French themselves did not take very seriously, and for which the eleventh hour decision to allow no discussion with the Germans removed the opportunity of remedy.

But, apart from tactics, the French had a policy. Although Clemenceau might curtly abandon the claims of a Klotz or a Loucheur, or close his eyes with an air of fatigue when French interests were no longer involved in the discussion, he knew which points were vital, and these he abated little. In so far as the main economic lines of the Treaty represent an intellectual idea, it is the idea of France and of Clemenceau.

Clemenceau was by far the most eminent member of the Council of Four, and he had taken the measure of his colleagues. He alone both had an idea and had considered it in all its consequences. His age, his character, his wit and his appearance joined to give him objectivity and a defined outline in an environment of confusion. One could not despise Clemenceau or dislike him, but only take a different view as to the nature of civilized man or indulge, at least, a different hope.

The figure and bearing of Clemenceau are universally familiar. At the Council of Four he wore a square-tailed coat of very good, thick, black broadcloth, and on his hands, which were never uncovered, gray suede gloves; his boots were of thick black leather, very good but of a country style and sometimes fastened in front curiously, by a buckle instead of laces. His seat in the room in the President's house, where the regular meetings of the Council of Four were held (as distinguished from their private and unattended conferences in a smaller chamber below) was on a square brocaded chair in the middle of the semi-circle facing the fireplace, with Signor Orlando on his left, the President next by the fireplace, and the Prime Minister opposite on the other side of the fireplace on his right. He carried no papers and no portfolio, and was unattended by any personal secretary, though several French ministers and officials appropriate to the particular matter in hand would be present round him. His walk, his hand and his voice were not lacking in vigor, but he bore nevertheless, especially after the attempt upon him, the aspect of a very old man conserving his strength for important occasions. He spoke seldom, leaving the initial statement of the French case to his ministers or officials; he closed his eyes often and sat back in his chair with an impassive face of parchment, his gray-gloved hands clasped in front of him. A short sentence, decisive or cynical, was generally sufficient, a question, an unqualified abandonment of his ministers, whose face would not be saved, or a display of obstinacy reinforced by a few words in a piquantly delivered English. But speech and passion were not lacking when they were wanted, and the sudden outburst of words, often followed by a fit of deep coughing from the chest, produced their impression rather by force and surprise than by persuasion.

Not infrequently, Mr. Lloyd George, after de-

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livering a speech in English would, during the period of its interpretation into French, cross the hearth-rug to the President to reinforce his case by some ad hominem argument in private conversation, or to sound the ground for a compromise—and this would sometimes be the signal for a general upheaval and disorder. The President's advisers would press round him to hear, a moment later the British experts would dribble across to learn the result or see that all was well, and next the French would be there, a little suspicious lest the others were arranging something behind them, until all in the room were on their feet and conversation was general in both languages. My last and most vivid impression is of such a scene—the President and the Prime Minister as the centre of a surging mob and a babel of sound, a welter of eager, impromptu compromises and counter-compromises, all sound and fury signifying nothing, on what was an unreal question anyhow, the great issues of the morning's meeting forgotten and neglected; and Clemenceau silent and aloof on the outskirts—for nothing which touched the security of France was forward—throned, in his gray gloves, on the brocade chair, dry in soul and empty of hope, very old and tired, but surveying the scene with a cynical and almost impish air; and when at last silence was restored and the company had returned to their places, it was to discover that he had disappeared.

He felt about France what Pericles felt of Athens—unique value in her, nothing else mattering; but his theory of politics was Bismarck's. He had one illusion—France; and one disillusion—mankind, including Frenchmen, and his colleagues not least. His principles for the peace can be expressed simply. In the first place he was a foremost believer in the view of German psychology, that the German understands and can understand nothing but intimidation, that he is without generosity or remorse in negotiation, that there is no advantage he will not take of you and no extent to which he will not demean himself for profit, that he is without honor, pride or mercy. Therefore you must never negotiate with a German or conciliate him; you must dictate to him. On no other terms will he respect you, or will you prevent him from cheating you. But it is doubtful how far he thought these characteristics peculiar to Germany, or whether his candid view of some other nations was fundamentally different. His philosophy had, therefore, no place for "sentimentality" in international relations. Nations are real things, of whom you love one and feel for the rest indifference—or hatred. The glory of the nation you love is a desirable end—but generally to be obtained at your neighbor's expense. The politics of power are inevitable, and there is nothing very new to learn about this war or the end it was fought for; England had destroyed, as in each preceding century, a trade rival; a mighty chapter had been closed in the secular struggle between the glories of Germany and of France. Prudence required some measure of lip service to the "ideals" of foolish Americans and hypocritical Englishmen; but it would be stupid to believe that there is much room in the world as it really is for such affairs as the League of Nations, or any sense in the principle of self-determination except as an ingenious formula for rearranging the balance of power in one's own interests.

These, however, are generalities. In tracing the practical details of the peace which he thought necessary for the power and the security of France, we must go back to the historical causes which had operated during his lifetime. Before the Franco-German war the populations of France and Germany were approximately equal; but the coal and iron and shipping of Germany were in their infancy, and the wealth of France was greatly superior. Even after the loss of Alsace-Lorraine there was no great discrepancy between the real resources of the two countries. But in the intervening period the relative position had changed completely. By 1914 the population of Germany was nearly 70 per cent in excess of that of France; she had become one of the first manufacturing and trading nations of the world, her technical skill and her means for the production of future wealth were unequalled. France on the other hand had a stationary or declining population, and, relatively to others, had fallen seriously behind in wealth and in the power to produce it.

In spite, therefore, of France's victorious issue from the present struggle (with the aid, this time, of England and America) her future position remained precarious in the eyes of one who took the view that European civil war is to be regarded as a normal, or at least a recurrent, state of affairs for the future, and that the sort of conflicts between organized great powers which have occupied the past hundred years will also engage the next. According to this vision of the future, European history is to be a perpetual prize fight, of which France has won this round, but of which this round is certainly not the last. From the belief that essentially the old order does not change, being based on human nature which is always the same, and from a consequent skepticism of all that class of doctrine which the League of Nations stands for, the policy of France and of Clemenceau followed logically. For a peace of magnanimity, or of fair and equal treatment, based on such "ideology" as the Fourteen Points of the President, could only have the effect of shortening the

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interval of Germany's recovery and hastening the day when she will once again hurl at France her greater numbers and her superior resources and technical skill. Hence the necessity of "guarantees"; and each guarantee that was taken, by increasing irritation and thus the probability of a subsequent revanche by Germany, made necessary yet further provisions to crush. Thus, as soon as this view of the world is adopted and the other discarded, a demand for a Carthaginian peace is inevitable, to the full extent of the momentary power to impose it. For Clemenceau made no pretence of considering himself bound by the Fourteen Points and left chiefly to others such concoctions as were necessary from time to time to save the scruples or the face of the President.

So far as possible, therefore, it was the policy of France to set the clock back and to undo what, since 1870 the progress of Germany had accomplished. By loss of territory and other measures her population was to be curtailed; but chiefly the economic system, upon which she depended for her new strength, the vast fabric built upon iron, coal and transport must be destroyed. If France could seize, even in part, what Germany was compelled to drop, the inequality of strength between the two rivals for European hegemony might be remedied for many generations.

Hence sprang those cumulative provisions for the destruction of highly organized economic life which we shall examine in the next chapter.

This is the policy of an old man, whose most vivid impressions and most lively imagination are of the past and not of the future. He sees the issue in terms of France and Germany and not of humanity and of European civilization struggling forward to a new order. The war has bitten into his consciousness somewhat differently from ours, and he neither expects nor hopes that we are at the threshold of a new age.

It happens, however, that it is not only an ideal question that is at issue. My purpose in this book is to show that the Carthaginian Peace is not *practically* right or possible. Although the school of thought from which it springs is aware of the economic factor, it overlooks nevertheless, the deeper economic tendencies which are to govern the future. The clock cannot be set back. You cannot restore Central Europe to 1870 without setting up such strains in the European structure and letting loose such human and spiritual forces as, pushing beyond frontiers and races, will overwhelm not only you and your "guarantees," but your institutions, and the existing order of your society.

By what legerdemain was this policy substituted for the Fourteen Points, and how did the President come to accept it? The answer to these questions is difficult and depends on elements of character and psychology and on the subtle influence of surroundings, which are hard to detect and harder still to describe. But, if ever the action of a single individual matters, the collapse of the President has been one of the decisive moral events of history; and I must make an attempt to explain it.

What a place the President held in the hearts and hopes of the world when he sailed to us in the George Washington! What a great man came to Europe in those early days of our victory.

In November, 1918, the armies of Foch and the words of Wilson had brought us sudden escape from what was swallowing up all we cared for. The conditions seemed favorable beyond any expectation. The victory was so complete that fear need play no part in the settlement. The enemy had laid down his arms in reliance on a solemn compact as to the general character of the peace, the terms of which seemed to assure a fair settlement of justice and magnanimity and a fair hope for a restoration of the broken current of life. To make assurance certain, the President was coming himself to set the seal on his work.

When President Wilson left Washington, he enjoyed a prestige and a moral influence throughout the world unequalled in history. His bold and measured words carried to the peoples of Europe above and beyond the voices of their own politicians. The enemy peoples trusted him to carry out the compact he had made with them; and the Allied peoples acknowledged him not as a victor only but almost as a prophet. In addition to this moral influence, the realities of power were in his hands. The American armies were at the height of their numbers, discipline and equipment. Europe was in complete dependence on the food supplies of the United States; and financially she was even more absolutely at their mercy. Europe not only already owed the United States more than she could pay; but only a large measure of further assistance could save her from starvation and bankruptcy. Never had a philosopher held such weapons wherewith to bind the princes of this world. How the crowds of the European capitals pressed about the carriage of the President! With what curiosity, anxiety and hope we sought a glimpse of the features and bearing of the man of destiny who, coming from the West, was to bring healing to the wounds of the ancient parent of his civilization and lay for us the foundations of the future.

The disillusion was so complete, that some of those, who had trusted most, hardly dared speak of it. Could it be true they asked of those who returned from Paris. Was the Treaty really as bad as it seemed? What had happened to the

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President? What weakness or what misfortune had led to so extraordinary, so unlooked for a betrayal?

Yet the causes were very ordinary and human. The President was not a hero or a prophet; he was not even a philosopher; but a generously intentioned man with many of the weaknesses of other human beings and lacking that dominating intellectual equipment which would have been necessary to cope with the subtle and dangerous spell-binders whom a tremendous clash of forces and personalities had brought to the top as triumphant masters in the swift game of give and take, face to face in Council—a game of which he had no experience at all.

We had indeed quite a wrong idea of the President. We knew him to be solitary and aloof and believed him very strong-willed and obstinate. We did not figure him as a man of detail, but the clearness with which he had taken hold of certain main ideas would, we thought, in combination with his tenacity, enable him to sweep through cobwebs. Besides these qualities he would have the objectivity, the cultivation and the wide knowledge of the student. The great distinction of language which had marked his famous Notes seemed to indicate a man of lofty and powerful imagination. His portraits indicated a fine presence and a commanding delivery. With all this he had attained and held with increasing authority the first position in a country where the arts of the politician are not neglected. All of which, without expecting the impossible, seemed a fine combination of qualities for the matter in hand.

The first impression of Mr. Wilson at close quarters was to impair some but not all of these illusions. His head and features were finely cut and exactly like his photographs, and the muscles of his neck and the carriage of his head were distinguished. The first glance at the President disclosed in fact, that, whatever else he might be, his temperament was not primarily that of the student or the scholar; that he had not much even of that culture of the world which marks M. Clemenceau and Mr. Balfour as exquisitely cultivated gentlemen of their class and generation. But more serious than this, he was not only insensitive to his surroundings in the external sense—he was not sensitive to his environment at all. What chance could such a man have against Mr. Lloyd George's unerring, almost mediumlike sensibility to everyone immediately round him? To see the British Prime Minister watching the company, with six or seven senses not available to ordinary men, judging character, motive and subconscious impulse, perceiving what each was thinking and even what each was going to say next, and compounding with telepathic instinct the argument or appeal best suited to the vanity, weakness or self-interest of his immediate auditor, was to realize that the poor President would be playing blind man's buff in that party. Never could a man have stepped into the parlor a more perfect and predestined victim to the finished accomplishment of the Prime Minister. The Old World was tough in wickedness anyhow; the Old World's heart of stone might blunt the sharpest blade of the bravest knight errant. But this blind and deaf Don Quixote was entering a cavern where the swift and glittering blade was in the hands of the adversary.

But if the President was not the philosopher king, what was he? After all he was a man who had spent much of his life at a university. He was by no means a business man or an ordinary party politician, but a man of force, personality and importance. What then was his temperament?

The clue once found was illuminating. The President was a nonconformist minister, perhaps a Presbyterian. His thought and his temperament were essentially theological not intellectual, with all the strength and the weakness of that manner of thought, feeling and expression. It is a type of which there are not now in England and Scotland such magnificent specimens as formerly; but this description, nevertheless, will give the ordinary Englishman the distinctest impression of the President.

With this picture of him in mind, we can return to the actual course of events. The President's programme for the world, as set forth in his speeches and his notes, had displayed a spirit and a purpose so admirable that the last desire of his sympathizers was to criticise details—the details, they felt, were quite rightly not filled in at present, but would be in due course. It was commonly believed at the commencement of the Paris Conference that the President had thought out, with the aid of a large body of advisers, a comprehensive scheme not only for the League of Nations, but for the embodiment of the Fourteen Points in an actual Treaty of Peace. But in fact the President had thought out nothing; when it came to practice, his ideas were nebulous and incomplete. He had no plan, no scheme, no constructive ideas whatever for clothing with the flesh of life the commandments which he had thundered from the White House. He could have preached a sermon on any of them or have addressed a stately prayer to the Almighty for their fulfilment; but he could not frame their concrete application to the actual state of Europe.

He not only had no proposals in detail, but he was in many respects, perhaps inevitably, ill informed as to European conditions. And not only

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was he ill informed—that was true of Mr. Lloyd George also—but his mind was slow and inadaptable. The President's slowness amongst the Europeans was noteworthy. He could not, all in a minute, take in what the rest were saying, size up the situation with a glance, frame a reply and meet the case by a slight change of ground; and he was liable, therefore, to defeat by the mere swiftness, apprehension and agility of a Lloyd George. There can seldom have been a statesman of the first rank more incompetent than the President in the agilities of the Council Chamber. A moment often arrives when substantial victory is yours if by some slight appearance of a concession you can save the face of the opposition or conciliate them by a restatement of your proposal helpful to them and not injurious to anything essential to yourself. The President was not equipped with this simple and usual artfulness. His mind was too slow and unresourceful to be ready with *any* alternatives. The President was capable of digging his toes in and refusing to budge, as he did over Fiume. But he had no other mode of defense, and it needed as a rule but little manoeuvring by his opponents to prevent matters coming to such a head until it was too late. By pleasantness and an appearance of conciliation, the President would be maneouvred off his ground, would miss the moment for digging his toes in, and, before he knew where he had been got to, it was too late. Besides it is impossible month after month in intimate and ostensibly friendly converse between close associates, to be digging the toes in all the time. Victory would only have been possible to one who had always a sufficiently lively apprehension of the position as a whole, to reserve his fire and know for certain the rare exact moments for decisive action. And for that the President was far too slow-minded and bewildered.

He did not remedy these defects by seeking aid from the collective wisdom of his lieutenants. He had gathered round him for the economic chapters of the Treaty a very able group of business men—but they were inexperienced in public affairs, and knew (with one or two exceptions as little of Europe as he did) and they were only called in irregularly as he might need them for a particular purpose. Thus the aloofness which had been found effective in Washington was maintained, and the abnormal reserve of his nature did not allow near him anyone who aspired to moral equality or the continuous exercise of influence. His fellow plenipotentiaries were dummies; and even the trusted Colonel House, with vastly more knowledge of men and of Europe than the President, from whose sensitiveness the President's dullness had gained so much, fell into the background as time went on. All this was encouraged by his colleagues on the Council of Four, who, by the break up of the Council of Ten, completed the isolation which the President's own temperament had initiated. Thus day after day and week after week, he allowed himself to be closeted, unsupported, unadvised and alone, with men much sharper than himself, in situations of supreme difficulty, where he needed for success every description of resource, fertility and knowledge. He allowed himself to be drugged by their atmosphere, to discuss on the basis of their plans and of their data, and to be led along their paths.

These and other various causes combined to produce the following situation. The reader must remember that the processes which are here compressed into a few pages took place slowly, gradually, insidiously, over a period of about five months.

As the President had thought nothing out, the Council was generally working on the basis of a French and British draft. He had to take up, therefore, a persistent attitude of obstruction, criticism and negation, if the draft was to become at all in line with his own ideas and purpose. If he was met on some points with apparent generosity (for there was always a safe margin of quite preposterous suggestions which no one took seriously), it was difficult for him not to yield on others. Compromise was inevitable, and never to compromise on the essential, very difficult. Besides he was soon made to appear to be taking the German part and laid himself open to the suggestion (to which he was foolishly and unfortunately sensitive) of being "pro-German."

After a display of much principle and dignity in the early days of the Council of Ten, he discovered that there were certain very important points in the programme of his French, British or Italian colleagues, as the case might be, of which he was incapable of securing the surrender by the methods of secret diplomacy. What then was he to do in the last resort? He could let the Conference drag on an endless length by the exercise of sheer obstinacy. He could break it up and return to America in a rage with nothing settled. Or he could attempt an appeal to the world over the heads of the Conference. These were wretched alternatives, against each of which a great deal could be said. They are also very risky—especially for a politician. The President's mistaken policy over the Congressional election had weakened his personal position in his own country, and it was by no means certain that the American public would support him in a position of intransigeancy. It would mean a campaign in which the issues would be clouded by every sort of personal and party con-

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sideration, and who could say if right would triumph in a struggle which would certainly not be decided on its merits. Besides, any open rupture with his colleagues would certainly bring upon his head the blind passions of "anti-German" resentment with which the public of all Allied countries were still inspired. They would not be cool enough to treat the issue as one of international morality or of the right governance of Europe. The cry would simply be that for various sinister and selfish reasons, the President wished "to let the Hun off." The almost unanimous voice of the French and British press could be anticipated. Thus if he threw down the gage publicly he might be defeated. And if he were defeated, would not the final peace be far worse than if he were to retain his prestige and endeavor to make it as good as the limiting conditions of European politics would allow him? But above all, if he were defeated, would he not lose the League of Nations? And was not this, after all, by far the most important issue for the future happiness of the world? The Treaty would be altered and softened by time. Much in it which now seemed so vital would become trifling, and much that was impracticable would for that very reason never happen. But the League, even in an imperfect form, was permanent; it was the first commencement of a new principle of the government of the world; truth and justice in international relations could not be established in a few months —they must be born in due course by the slow gestation of the League. Clemenceau had been clever enough to let it be seen that he would swallow the League at a price.

At the crisis of his fortunes the President was a lonely man. Caught up in the toils of the old world, he stood in great need of sympathy, of moral support, of the enthusiasm of masses. But buried in the Conference, stifled in the hot and poisoned atmosphere of Paris, no echo reached him from the outer world, and no throb of passion, sympathy or encouragement from his silent constituents in all countries. He felt that the blaze of popularity which had greeted his arrival in Europe was already dimmed; the Paris press jeered at him openly; his political opponents at home were taking advantage of his absence to create an atmosphere against him; England was cold, critical and unresponsive. He had so formed his entourage that he did not receive through private channels the current of faith and enthusiasm of which the public sources seemed dammed up. He needed but lacked the added strength of collective faith. The German terror still overhung us, and even the sympathetic public was very cautious; the enemy must not be encouraged, our friends must be supported, this was not the time for discord or agitations, the President must be trusted to do his best. And in this drought the flower of the President's faith withered and dried up.

But as soon as he had taken the road of compromise, the defects, already indicated, of his temperament and of his equipment were fatally apparent. He could take the high line; he could practice obstinacy; he could write Notes from Sinai or Olympus; he could remain unapproachable in the White House or even in the Council of Ten and be safe. But if he once stepped down to the intimate equality of the Four, the game was evidently up.

Now it was that what I have called his theological or Presbyterian temperament became dangerous. Having decided that some concessions were unavoidable, he might have sought by firmness and address and the use of the financial power of the United States to secure as much as he could of the substance, even at some sacrifice of the letter. But the President was not capable of so clear an understanding with himself as this implied. He was too conscientious. Although compromises were now necessary, he remained a man of principle and the Fourteen Points a contract absolutely binding upon him. He would do nothing that was not honorable; he would do nothing that was contrary to his great profession of faith. Thus without any abatement of the verbal inspiration of the Fourteen Points, they became a document for gloss and interpretation and for all the intellectual apparatus of self-deception, by which, I dare say, the President's forefathers had persuaded themselves that the course they thought it necessary to take was consistent with every syllable of the Pentateuch.

The President's attitude to his colleagues had now become: I want to meet you as far as I can; I see your difficulties and I should like to be able to agree to what you propose; but I can do nothing that is not just and right, and you must first of all show me that what you want does really fall within the words of the pronouncements which are binding on me. Then began the weaving of sophistry and Jesuitical exegesis that was finally to clothe with insincerity the language and substance of the whole Treaty. The word was issued to the witches of all Paris:

> Fair is foul, and foul is fair
> Hover through the fog and filthy air.

The subtlest sophisters and most hypocritical draftsmen were set to work, and produced many ingenious exercises which might have deceived for more than an hour a cleverer man than the President.

Thus instead of saying that German-Austria is

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prohibited from uniting with Germany except by leave of France (which would be inconsistent with the principle of self-determination) the Treaty, with delicate draftsmanship, states that "Germany acknowledges and will respect strictly the independence of Austria, within the frontiers which may be fixed in a Treaty between that State and the Principal Allied and Associated Powers; she agrees that this independence shall be inalienable, except with the consent of the Council of the League of Nations," which sounds, but is not, quite different. And who knows but that the President forgot that another part of the Treaty provides that for this purpose the Council of the League must be *unanimous*.

Instead of giving Danzig to Poland, the Treaty establishes Danzig as a "Free" City, but includes this "Free" City within the Polish Customs frontier, entrusts to Poland the control of the river and railway system, and provides that "the Polish government shall undertake the conduct of the foreign relations of the Free City of Danzig as well as the diplomatic protection of citizens of that city when abroad."

In placing the river system of Germany under foreign control, the Treaty speaks of declaring international those "river systems which naturally provide more than one state with access to the sea, with or without transhipment from one vessel to another."

Such instances could be multiplied. The honest and intelligible purpose of French policy to limit the population of Germany and weaken her economical system is clothed, for the President's sake, in the august language of freedom and international equality.

But perhaps the most decisive moment in the disintegration of the President's moral position and the clouding of his mind was when at last, to the dismay of his advisers, he allowed himself to be persuaded that the expenditure of the Allied governments on pensions and separation allowances could be fairly regarded as "damage done to the civilian population of the Allied and Associated Powers by German aggression by land, by sea and from the air," in a sense in which the other expenses of the war could not be so regarded. It was a long theological struggle in which, after the rejection of many different arguments the President finally capitulated before a masterpiece of the sophist's art.

At last the work was finished; and the President's conscience was still intact. In spite of everything, I believe that his temperament allowed him to leave Paris a really sincere man; and it is probable that to this day he is genuinely convinced that the Treaty contains practically nothing inconsistent with his former professions.

But the work was too complete, and to this was due the last tragic episode of the drama. The reply of Brockdorff-Rantzau inevitably took the line that Germany had laid down her arms on the basis of certain assurances and that the Treaty in many particulars was not consistent with these assurances. But this was exactly what the President could not admit; in the sweat of solitary contemplation and with prayers to God he had done *nothing* that was not just and right; for the President to admit that the German reply had force in it was to destroy his self-respect and to disrupt the inner equipoise of his soul; and every instinct of his stubborn nature rose in self-protection. In the language of medical psychology, to suggest to the President that the Treaty was an abandonment of his professions was to touch on the raw a Freudian complex. It was a subject intolerable to discuss and every sub-conscious instinct plotted to defeat its further exploration.

Thus it was that Clemenceau brought to success what had seemed to be a few months before the extraordinary and impossible proposal that the Germans should not be heard. If only the President had not been so conscientious, if only he had not concealed from himself what he had been doing, even at the last moment he was in a position to have recovered lost ground and to have achieved some very considerable successes. But the President was set. His arms and legs had been spliced by the surgeons to a certain posture, and they must be broken again before they could be altered. To his horror Mr. Lloyd George desiring at the last moment all the moderation he dared, discovered that he could not in five days persuade the President of error in what it had taken five months to prove to him to be just and right. After all it was harder to de-bamboozle this old Presbyterian than it had been to bamboozle him, for the former involved his belief in and respect for himself.

Thus in the last act the President stood for stubbornness and a refusal of conciliations.

MAYNARD KEYNES.

Coming Events . . .

The Fates
Like hooded falcons
Upon God's glove
Often shake their bells
Before striking.

ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH.

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The International Labor Conference

THE first International Labor Conference, held in Washington during the past month, has been strangely ignored by the American press. Yet it began the work of making world-wide the liberal labor laws of the more advanced states. It took steps to alloy those fears of trade competition from countries with lower standards which have always hampered progressive legislation. As a direct result of its efforts the International Labor Office will soon begin to function under the League of Nations as a world clearing-house of labor information, and as a further result the authorities of forty nations in Europe, Asia, Africa and the Americas are going to consider six draft conventions and nine recommendations on fundamental social subjects. It seems a good deal to ignore.

The Conference proved unique in many ways. Though the League of Nations did not legally exist, scrupulous regard was paid to its rules, so that when it comes into being the Conference decisions may be formally legalized as the first taken under its authority. The Conference reunited as far as possible the family of nations. The neutral states of Europe and South America were brought back into international association; the new states of Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Finland, and of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes were present at their first world Congress; Canada, South Africa and India reasserted the individuality first established at the Peace Conference; and the Germans and Austrians, invited by overwhelming vote, would have been present if time had allowed.

The Conference differed from all its predecessors on labor problems because it had definite assurance of consideration of its findings. Though they could not be binding without the creation of a super-legislature they were certain to have great authority, not only as coming from a Congress created by the Peace Conference and the League, but still more because each state had agreed to let the proper national authority act upon them within a year. Previous conferences merely cast their recommendations forth into the blue and then adjourned.

The organization of the Conference also followed new lines. Each nation was allowed two government, one employers' and one workers' delegate. This caused an immediate division along group rather than national lines, but it gave one-half the voting power to the government delegates and made certain that neither employers or workers could block any action desired by the rest of the Conference. Despite obvious drawbacks this group representation gave adequate voice to all interests involved, and it insured that all possible compromises would be worked out before the scene was shifted to the national legislatures. As a matter of fact, the clash between employers and workers, which many had feared would wreck the Conference, proved far less serious than expected. In spite of high tension and several bitter struggles, neither group proved unwilling in the end to accept the compromises always held out by the Organizing Committee or the government delegates.

Fortunately the Peace Conference, profiting by its own experience, had not called for solution of all the world's industrial ills at one sitting. The program was necessarily modest as the field of international agreement on labor legislation is practically untouched. It called not so much for new relationships as for the application of certain basic social principles which, while accepted in theory, have not been made law because of lethargy or fear of competition from less liberal states. Moreover many obvious difficulties had been guarded against by the Organizing Committee, which, as a result of last summer's study of the experience and practice of each state, was able to place before the Conference a mass of carefully sorted data and succinct recommendations.

The atmosphere in which the Conference was held was distressing. The non-existence of the League of Nations necessitated a rather crude legal fiction which lent a certain unreality to the proceedings. The United States could not participate because of the Treaty dispute, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States ignored the Conference's invitation to send an unofficial delegate, and the American Federation of Labor was represented only once. The delegates, instead of being shown the courtesy due to the nation's guests, were attacked by Senators as an aggregation of Reds that ought to be deported. The industrial crisis in this country proved a shock to foreign visitors who had perhaps an exaggerated idea of American liberty. Nevertheless the Conference went resolutely to work. Cleavages on rather new lines soon occurred and brought out some of the major problems which must shortly be faced. Foremost was the difference between the highly industrial states, with liberal labor laws, and the states rapidly becoming industrial who because of their few labor restrictions are able to threaten active trade competition. Japan, for instance, with almost

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no labor unions and negligible industrial legislation, is today standing on the threshold of transformation from home to factory industry. She was so disturbed by the knowledge that the western powers expected her to carry out Treaty provisions wholly impracticable in her present transitory state that her whole labor development was held up pending the outcome of this Conference, and she sent over the largest delegation of all those present. Japan's problem, and that of other countries in the process of becoming industrial, can obviously be solved only by a gradual application of western standards, but that the value of maintaining a relative equality as industrialization progresses, is realized is shown by the fact that Japan agreed to raise the minimum age of employment of children from nine to twelve years and to reduce work in certain industries by two hours a day.

Parallel with this went the struggle to shift power from Europe to a broader world basis. When the elections to the governing body of the Labor Office gave Europe twenty of the twenty-four seats, South Africa and united South America protested so bitterly that the Conference passed a resolution criticizing its own action. No immediate change resulted, but Europe obviously took to heart the warning that it could not secure the confidence of the rest of the world by trying to perpetuate European industrial domination. On the raw material issue also, Europe, especially the labor delegates, was beaten after the closest struggle of the Conference in an attempt to request the League of Nations to seek a better distribution of the world's raw materials and a reduction of ocean freight rates as a fundamental consideration in the unemployment problem. A similar split between Europe and the outside world was foreshadowed for the study of migrations.

Undoubtedly the most important single result of the Conference was the establishment of the International Labor Office to collect and distribute information on world labor problems; publish a periodical in English and French; prepare the agenda for the annual conferences; see that conventions agreed to are carried out, and in general to keep in touch with governments, employers and workers in order to facilitate the peaceful and progressive improvement in industrial life as directed in the Peace Treaty. Beyond this, much important special work has been entrusted to the Office by the Conference, particularly the calling of a special international assembly on seamen's labor. Albert Thomas, the best known labor leader in France and recently Minister of Munitions, has been chosen Director-General of the Office; a governing body has been selected and will hold its first formal meeting in Paris, January 25th; and temporary headquarters for the immediate organization of the secretariat will be in London at the temporary seat of the League of Nations Secretariat.

The other decisions of the Conference provide what may be called a groundwork of international labor legislation in the form of six draft conventions and recommendations on nine different subjects. Most important is the convention establishing in industry the eight-hour day and the forty-eight hour week, which was agreed to only after the most intense struggle. The rigid French eight-hour day principle was harmonized with the British Saturday half-holiday practice by a balance whereby if less than eight hours is worked on any one day the time lost may be distributed over other days to a total working time of not over nine hours a day. Exceptions to the convention are allowed for such work as caretaking which must be done before and after the regular hours and a total of fifty-six hours a week is allowed for certain continuous industries. For Japan the forty-eight hour week is accepted for children and minors; the fifty-seven hour week for others excepting a sixty-hour week in the raw silk industry. The principle of the weekly rest day is recognized for the first time. For India a sixty-hour week is agreed to; to Greece and Rumania a delay granted for putting the convention into effect.

To protect young persons, a first convention provides that children under fourteen shall not be admitted to industry. In Japan, however, the limit is set at twelve for children who have finished their elementary education, with special arrangements to be made for those now employed between the ages of twelve and fourteen and on the understanding that the present law admitting children over nine to certain work shall be repealed. For India the convention provides only that children under twelve shall not be employed in certain factories, mines and transport duties. A second convention prohibits employment of persons under eighteen between 10:00 p. m. and 5:00 a. m. except in certain continuous processes such as steel, glass works, manufacture of paper and raw sugar and gold-mining reduction work. For Japan the limit it set at fifteen years till July 1, 1915, and thereafter sixteen, and in India it would apply only to boys over fourteen.

Two conventions are for the protection of women in industry. The first prohibits night work between 10:00 p. m. and 5:00 a. m., except in certain industries where it is essential to avoid deterioration or loss of materials. The second allows a woman to leave work six weeks before childbirth and requires her to be absent for six weeks afterwards. In both

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cases she is to be assured against discharge, and to be given either state or other aid sufficient to maintain herself and child. Upon return to work she is to be allowed half an hour twice a day for nursing.

The sixth convention seeks to provide against unemployment. Under its terms each state would send to the International Labor Office at least quarterly all available information on unemployment, including steps taken to combat it. Similarly each state would establish a system of free employment agencies under a central authority advised by employers' and workers' committees and coordinated with any private agencies and through the Labor Office with other national systems. States possessing unemployment insurance systems would extend the benefits to foreign workers in the state.

The recommendations cover a wide field and are put in that form either because of lack of time or data for more formal presentation or because of the highly individual circumstances in each case. They recommend, in brief, that each state shall establish an effective system of unemployment insurance either state or otherwise; bring under government control all employment agencies operating for profit, abolish them as soon as possible, and prevent the creation of new ones; coordinate all public work for periods of unemployment; permit the recruiting of bodies of foreign workers only after agreement between the two states concerned and consultation with the employers and workers; admit foreign workers on terms of reciprocity to the benefits of all labor protection laws; exclude women and persons under eighteen from most industries using lead; establish both an efficient factory inspection system and a government department to safeguard the health of workers and cooperate with the International Labor Office; arrange for the disinfection of wool infected with anthrax spores; and adhere to the Berne Convention prohibiting the use of white phosphorus in the manufacture of matches.

With the difficulties facing the Conference, failure would not have been surprising. That it not only reached agreement on every question submitted to it but that it also mapped out a wide field of future usefulness shows the real vitality behind the idea of international cooperation for the betterment of industrial conditions. Many labor problems can be handled only by international action; all are dependent in some way on matters outside the national frontiers. The first Conference confined itself largely to laying the groundwork and this is, perhaps, the best index both to the lack of adequate international action in the past and the increasing need for it in the future.

ARTHUR SWEETSER.

Woodrovian Poetry*

IT was a happy though somewhat belated thought to bring together the sixteen poets here assembled and to present their latest work not only as a revelation to the new world but as a challenge to the old. Obviously taking its cue from the various anthologies that have been coming over from England and, more directly, from The Lloyd-Georgians (the left wing secession of a group well-known in the late 'teens), this volume aims to do for contemporary Americans what has already been done for our transatlantic cousins. But the anonymous editor is far more catholic. He writes, in the Prefatory Note, "The object of Woodrovian Poetry 1922-1923 is to give first, a survey of the work written in the last two years by some of our representative poets; second, to show, by its very difference in taste, form, temper and subjects, the variegated vigor of the most athletic of our arts." The editor's catholicity is illustrated more sharply by his inclusions. Thus Theodosia Garrison appears alphabetically between Robert Frost and Orrick Johns. The easy-selling patterns of Berton Braley follow the three involuted tone-poems by Conrad Aiken and precede the cloisonné fantasies of Maxwell Bodenheim. "It is not intended," argues the editor, "to place emphasis on any particular group or tendency. On the contrary, if an honest appraisal of national culture is desired, one must receive the popular with the same enthusiasm that, in these times, one extends to the bizarre; the authors of the Saturday Evening Post are surely no less authoritative or racy than those of The Littlest Review."

The volume itself is, as might be expected, a strange medley of achievement and mere effort; it is by turns "different" and indifferent. Turn to the twenty pages allotted to Vachel Lindsay. The first four poems are in his most metallic and moralizing vein; I doubt whether he has ever written anything less worthy of print and paper than The Poison Weed which is dedicated to The Springfield Chapter of the Anti-Tobacco League. But the other pages give us this lusty singer in his best and most whimsical voice. His rollicking Afro-American version of The Song of Songs entitled The Shimmying Shulamite is only surpassed by that highly-colored chant which concludes his group, The Noah's Ark Blues. This poem contains his old blend of rhymes, ragtime and religion; but a new ingredient is added—a restraint that gives these lines the fire of a cause and the inevitability of a

* Woodrovian Poetry 1922-1923. A Biennial. Washington, D. C. The Printers', Proofreaders' and Publishers' Soviet; Branch 16.

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nursery-rhyme. The mechanics are even simpler than those of The Congo. Obviously inspired by a trip to Coney Island and The Russian Ballet, it begins with variations on the old jingle:—

The animals went in two by two,
(*Good-bye, my lover, good-bye.*)
The camel, the cat and the kangaroo;
(*Good-bye, my lover, good-bye.*)

But the first section, with its broadly humorous catalog, is followed by a wilder and more fanciful flight. In this part, the souls of the animals reveal themselves and, in Lindsay's not too subtle symbolism, become identified with their human prototypes. It is a glorious mélange of color, motion and metaphysics. The snake's hiss makes a pattern that is crossed by the lion's roar; the Chinese nightingales cry with a barbaric sweetness against a background of twittering and purring.

Anl hiss, sang the cobras,
Hiss . . . . hisss . . . . hissss . . . . .
The craven-hearted gander surprised the salamander
By turning round and hissing in a dozen different keys.
Hiss . . . . Hisss . . . . Hissss . . . .
The polar-bears, the bisons, the buffaloes and bees
Began a mighty bumbling,
And roaring and rumbling,
And fumbling and snoring,
And eagles, tired of soaring,
Were tumbling to their knees.

The end of the poem is even more surprising. The apotheosis comes suddenly in the very midst of this lyric turbulence; a glorification that turns the clangor to a burst of ecstasy.

Through the honied heavens I could see them drive
All the buzzing planets to a golden hive;
Beas and bears among the stars were burning constellations,
Lighting up the jungles and the new-born nations.
Every swooping eagle was a flaming sun,
Shining like a hero when the flight is won . . .
And, above the ramparts of The Holy Wall,
The White Dove of Beauty shone upon them all.

Miss Lowell's contributions are even more uneven in quality. Craftsmen will undoubtedly be interested in her experiments in post-Eurasian monorhymes, but the unprofessional poetry-lover will find little to excite him in these metronomic rhythms. Similarly puzzling is her interpretation of Prokofieff's Grotesque for Two Bassoons, Concertina and Kettledrums which Miss Lowell has rendered "in the high-pitched timbre of the neo-Javanese." It is not always easy to follow such intricately embroidered lines as:

A sulphur-yellow chord of the eleventh
Twitches aside the counterpane.
Blasts of a dead chrysanthemum,
Blur.
Whispers of mauve in a sow's ear;
Snort of a daffodil,
Bluster of zinnias hurtling through nasal silences,
Steeplejack in a lace cassock
Pirouetting before a fly-blown moon.
Soap-bubble groans where the wheezing planets
Abandon the jig.

But Miss Lowell is not always so cryptic. The six short poems in contrapolyphonic verprose (grouped under the appropriate title Mice and Mandragora) are brilliant examples of her staccato idiom. I quote the first of these.

Wallflower to a Moonbeam.

In the pause
When you first came
The stillness rang with the clashing of wine-cups.
You spoke—
And jonquil-trumpets blew dizzy bacchannals.
You smiled—
And drunken laughter
Spilled over the edges of the gauffered night.
Now you have gone,
The dusk has lost its sparkle;
My days are trickling water,
Tepid and tasteless.
But I am no longer thirsty.

Most of the other poets seem to be marking time. James Oppenheim's extended Psalm for the New Cosmos gives one the same impression that we have already received from his later work—a vision of the Deity taking lessons in psychoanalysis from Walt Whitman. Edgar Lee Masters's noble Ode to Prohibition (dedicated to William Jennings Bryan) has all this author's early fire but it is marred in places by the hortatory enthusiasm of the recent convert. William Rose Benét continues to commute between Hell Gate and Helicon on his four-cylinder unicorn. Willard Wattles is a welcome addition (alphabetically, at least) to the famous W. W.'s: William Wordsworth, Walt Whitman, William Watson and Woodrow Wilson. Theodosia Garrison's lyrics still read as if they were composed on a cash register. Mr. Braley, it is evident, has availed himself of the Improved Graphomoter attachment for Tired Typewriters. E. A. Robinson, having exhausted the Arthurian legends, has gone back to the fall of Troy. Louis Untermeyer is still loudly and repetitively amazed at the liveliness of life, and John Hall Wheelock is still musically enchanted with the loveliness of death.

Carl Sandburg is the only one of the sixteen who, while retaining his own voice, has added some strange quality to it. Few of his poems will rank higher than his Nine Pieces from Sappho which Sandburg has rendered into modern Chicago speech. Not since Wharton's collection has any one done so much to revitalize what Palgrave called "the sweet lament of Lesbian love." Sandburg avoids the pitfalls of sentimentality which trapped Merivale and Symonds; Sappho, in his

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versions, is as throbbing and breathless as any girl late for her appointment on State Street. Particularly characteristic is his treatment of the second ode in Sapphic metre, the one which is even better known in Catullus's imitation. This is Sandburg's rendition:

I'm telling you.
That man who trails along with you
Is better off than the governor of Idaho.
He sits close
And hears you laughing—a giggler, God knows, a giggler—
And his troubles are as gone as yesterday,
And the past is a scuttle of ashes.

That's what I hanker after.
But when I get one slant at you,
I can't speak.
Dust gets in my throat;
My tongue breaks down in jabberings;
The flame in my right wrist and the fires in my left wrist run along my arms and legs.

My ears ring; I go blind; drops come out on my forehead; I shake all over. I'm afraid of going nuts.

Get this.
I want to dare everything.
I want to say there's a place out here with potato-blossoms and young frogs calling and nobody home but a red sun spilling hallelujahs over the prairie.
I want to dance and sing: *Shine All Over God's Heaven.*
But something chokes me.
I can't act like I used to.
I go yellow as grass when there's no rain in July;
All in . . . ab-so-lute-ly all in . . . no use, boy, no use.
I'm telling you.

It is difficult to understand why Robert Frost is represented by only one poem, and that one (The Dried-up Spring) obviously a product of his middle or Franconian period. Perhaps it is because of Frost's distrust of groups—particularly his own. Or perhaps he himself is the anonymous editor. Whatever the reason, and in spite of other omissions (the air around Washington Square will be a violent cobalt with the indignations of Alfred Kreymborg's adherents!), the collection will take its place as one of the fifty-seven "unique and notable books of the year." In its chaste binding of red, white and blue, it should appeal to both the intelligent student of native art and the reader of the editorials of the New York Times. Whatever else the Woodrovian era has lost, it has found its singers.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Our Share in Drugging China

OF the millions who associate opium and China probably only few know, beyond a vague impression of England's part in an "Opium War," that from the very beginning, the responsibility for the introduction and spread of the use of narcotics lies with foreign nations. Few know how repeated and consistent have been the struggles of responsible Chinese authorities to prevent the importation of the drug, nor the obstacles that officials of other nations have thrown in their way. Even when poppy growing became general throughout the Empire (and there is no denying that it did), fairness compels the acknowledgment that the Chinese had reached the conclusion that since it was impossible to prevent the introduction of opium from India, they might as well have a share in the profits themselves. In 1906 began the last great campaign against the growing of poppies and for the total eradication of the drug habit, co-operation of Great Britain regarding the importation of opium from India being secured. Even the foreigners who are most pessimistic regarding the capacity of the Chinese to carry through any general reform make an exception of the anti-opium fight. The vigor with which it was conducted was equalled by the ingenuity and skill with which offenders were detected and dealt with. What was accomplished in five years speaks wonders for the capacity of Chinese administration when it is in earnest, and for the adaptability of the Chinese people. There are few instances in history where such a sweeping reform was carried through so rapidly and thoroughly.

Belatedly and under the pressure of criticism and in opposition to the protest of business against "sentimentalism," other countries agreed to co-operate with China. They forbade the exportation of opium save under strict regulations to secure legitimacy of use. China enforced as well as made these restrictions. Since 1905 only about forty ounces a year have passed through the Chinese customs. This amount is taken accordingly as the standard of proper medical use by physicians, hospitals and chemists. It is hard, however, for law and morals to keep up with the advance of science and business. The above figure cannot be taken to measure the state of the drug-using habit in China.

As the importation and use of opium decreased, science provided substitutes in the way of derivatives, especially morphia, heroin and codein, while

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cocaine was added from a new source. And the use of these forms of "dope" is spreading so fast that they are likely to outdo the ravages of opium at its worst. Opium smoking is expensive. It is an indulgence now confined to the wealthy. The use of the syringe is as cheap as that of the pipe is dear. Injections can be had for three coppers a "shot" and the profit to the dealer at that rate is over a thousand per cent. Opium-smoking was an aristocratic vice; the needle reaches the coolies. It was not difficult to discover the opium-users. The dweller in any large city of the United States does not need to be told how difficult it is to detect the seller of forms of modern dope. Ingenuity when profits are at stake is not less in China than in America. On every hand one hears of the tricks employed in smuggling and distributing morphia and heroin. The sale is made easier because the Chinese are great takers of medicines, and the licensed practitioner in our sense hardly exists. Opium derivates are sold in all kinds of pills, and itinerant pedlars introduce pills and injections without the ignorant victim knowing what he is getting until after the habit is well fixed. And the weight of evidence is that the effects of morphia, cocaine and heroin are more completely demoralizing to the body, mind and character of the average dope user than were those of opium-smoking. Add the comparative minuteness of the dose for injections, —a single case of detected smuggling in Shanghai lately yielded enough for over twelve million "shots"—and it is easy to see that the new menace is worse than the old.

Since, however, the drugs now reach China only by the medium of smugglers, it might be thought that there is no longer national responsibility for forcing this evil on China—that it is now simply a matter of the individual wickedness of the smuggler and dealer. Unfortunately for the good repute of the western nations, such is not the case. Putting it mildly, carelessness and neglect in drawing and enforcing regulations regarding manufacture, transportation and exportation of opium products are such as to make the nations accomplices in guilt. In 1912 an international convention forbade the further exportation of morphia into China. Before this time the exportation from Great Britain into Japan was 30,000 ounces a year. This was a large enough amount in all conscience, and the most of it undoubtedly found its way to China. By 1917 it had jumped twenty-fold—to 600,000 ounces. Over fifty tons got from Scotland to Japan in four years, these figures being official custom statistics. It does not have to be pointed out that both the British and the Japanese governments knew that this amount was infinitely above legitimate needs—or that its destination was China, to which country exportation was nominally prohibited. But division of moral responsibility was at work. The British were far from the retail trade and the ultimate consumer. Their profits were in Indian revenue where the opium was raised, in Edinburgh the manufacturing centre, and in the shipping trade. The Japanese did not have (at that time) the responsibility for producing and exporting; they merely served as intermediaries. It is easy in such circumstances to pass on blame, and difficult to make an effective appeal to conscience. Only international cooperation would work. The Hague passed excellent resolutions—and Great Britain, the offender at the source, declared that she would put them into force when every other nation did.

In 1917, however, the appeal to the conscience of the British government was sufficiently strong, so that regulations were put into effect by which opium derivatives could be shipped into Japan and its leased territory in Manchuria (the latter being one of the chief centres whence morphia reached the Chinese) only when licenses were given to the exporter. And these licenses were to be given only after receipt of a certificate from Japanese officials that the morphia was for medical use only, and was destined for consumption in Japan itself or its leased territory. The latter proviso made Japan an underwriter that the goods should not reach China. The next year there was a great falling off. Still in view of the fact that Japan was by this, manufacturing more than enough to supply its own medical needs, it is disconcerting to find that one hundred and fifty thousand ounces were imported into Japan. The fact argues an easy conscience somewhere. But this statement does not cover the ground.

In the first place, Great Britain exacts no such license for exportation by means of parcel post—and a single postal package can easily carry stuff for a hundred thousand injections. British subjects in China accuse their home government of wilful omission and evasion. In the next place, the British authorities in both Hong Kong and Singapore farm out the opium product business, receiving in each place two millions of revenue annually for the concession. Now there are well established facts proving that the concessionaire can make his business pay only by getting contraband into China proper. It is obvious that no one would pay two millions a year for the privilege of making opium to be sold only in the city of Hong Kong. So many facilities are given to the concessionaire for smuggling into China that there are those who say that the British licensing regulations for the Japanese trade were adopted not for moral reasons but to protect the "opium farmers" who were having

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difficulty in meeting Japanese competition in contraband and who appealed to the British Government for protection in their rights.

So much for Great Britain's share. As to Japan. Leaving out of the question the neglect of the government in Japan in issuing licenses, and the charges that advantage was taken of the lessened British trade to encourage poppy growing in Japan and Korea, there is the fact that for Japanese territory on Chinese soil, namely in the leased territory of "Darien and vicinity" and in Tsingtao, licenses are issued by minor officials and irresponsible officials. In a single year there were imported "for medical use only" in "Darien and vicinity" sixty-six thousand ounces of morphia. The figures are conclusive that the Japanese administration was an accomplice to making its Manchurian territory a point of departure for sending contraband into China. In general Japanese control of the retail and distributing trade has of late years become so complete that they have gradually come to be regarded as the chief if not the only sinners. One cause of present anti-Japanese feeling is found in the fact that Shantung has now become a centre for distributing dope.

Now enters the American participation in the crime of poisoning China. The British require no license for exportation to the United States. Our laws are such that when the stuff arrives at one of our ports it is only necessary to put the goods into bond for transhipment to avoid payment of duty. And while the morphia could not be directly exported under our own laws into China, our laws regarding transhipment make no inquiry into the nature of the goods. They need only be described in a general way. All the morphia now manufactured in Scotland could readily pass through the United States into Japan thence to reach China illicitly if labelled "pharmaceutical products." Remember they could not go direct to Japan from Great Britain. If this is allowed to continue after the attention of our custom officials and of Congress has been called to it, we share with Great Britain and Japan the burden of sinning against China.

But not all our guilt is indirect. The morphia seized in the recent smuggling case in Shanghai was all manufactured in Philadelphia—a fact verified in open court by a lawyer of the International Anti-Opium Association. It would be a criminal offense to ship this direct to China. But there is no law against shipment to Japan. American traffic through the two channels of British goods in bond and our own products has reached vast proportions already. The official statistics show that for the first five months of the current year, twenty-five thousand ounces of morphia reached the port of Kobe from American ports. But the Japan Chronicle, published in Kobe, is responsible for the statement that the manifestos of ships arriving in Kobe during the same period show about ninety thousand more ounces not appearing in the custom house returns. The conclusion is certain. This amount was transhipped in Kobe harbor to be smuggled into China. That this shows gross connivance on the part of Kobe port officials may be argued. But the primary responsibility is with the laws and administration of the United States. We have become a large partner in the contemptible business of drugging China at the time when China is making heroic efforts to emancipate herself from the narcotic evil.

Our holier than thou attitude towards Great Britain and Japan must be abandoned. We have as yet no vested industrial and commercial interest possessing great political influence. It requires only a slight amount of interest in the evils of the traffic and a slight amount of energy to frame laws and administrative regulations that will compel adequate registration of all opium products reaching American ports, and make it a criminal offense to transport such goods for re-export. We can easily take steps that will make it impossible for morphia and heroin of American production to be exported to Japan thence to reach China. We can see to it (as we do not do at the present) that our post-office at Shanghai cannot be employed for sending narcotics into China by parcel-post, thus making ourselves criminal accomplices in the breaking of Chinese laws and the poisoning of the Chinese people.

The International Anti-Opium Society has worked out plans which if adopted would effectually control the whole nefarious traffic not only for China but for the world. These plans start from the fact that control from the side of retail distribution and the ultimate consumer are so difficult as to be almost hopeless. But control at the source is simple. The growth of poppies can be put under supervision, and every grain of raw opium that leaves them be accounted for and traced. It is possible to determine the amount of narcotics that is required for legitimate medical use. The manufacture of this necessary amount should be put under government licensing and constant inspection. Then by serial numbering of uniform packages and records of sale all distribution could be traced. No opium products are to be shipped anywhere to the Far East except upon receipt of a requisition from the importing country certifying to the intended use, and upon *prior* notification to that country of the nature and date of the shipment meeting the order.

Our own interest is not a purely altruistic one,

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nor is it confined to doing our obvious duty by China. We have the drug evil with us, and its growth in our country is one of the most disconcerting of present events. We cannot insure ourselves against this evil till we take the measures that will guarantee China against it. The laws and regulations for the control of importation, transhipment, exportation, manufacture and wholesale merchandizing that are needed to protect China from our partnership in the crime of undermining her life are the exact means of safeguarding our own health and morals. Until we have cleaned our own house we cannot take the part that we should take in urging upon other nations, especially Great Britain and Japan, effective international action. The Paris Conference promised China that the League of Nations would take up the opium and morphia traffic. Shall the United States continue its partnership in crime until forced by outside action to abandon it? Shall it enter the deliberations of the League of Nations Assembly with unclean hands?

JOHN DEWEY.

Peking, October 6th.

Letters from a Miner's Wife

October 29, 1919.

DEAR SIS:—Just received your letter. Well, people here talk awful of the President. They say now is the time he can show his true colors. Some think we will be off a long time and others say a week. Of course, you can't tell.

Yes, they tried not to sell the wagons any coal, as always just before a strike. Said they didn't have the time. The men said, "Well, we haven't the time to load railroad cars then." So they had to let us have it, as much as we could pay for. We got about seven tons.

No, the majority of miners have absolutely nothing—just depending on the storekeepers to carry them. We have a good deal of fruit and beans and a barrel of flour and four hogs, so we can live a little while, I guess.

Yes, we get the Mine Workers' Journal. Isn't Lewis a *man?* Everyone is crazy about him.

Yes, the mines are working good now—just before strike, you know.

Hugh Willis made a speech here last night. He told the men to sit still and hold their hands, there was seven million dollars for them and to use no violence. It seems all we think of is *coal* for winter.

No, you can bet I ain't got no clothes and never have for that matter, tho.

Agnes Jule is sitting here trying to eat your letter up and Ty is making airships of it. You should hear him call her Agnes Jule. She is growing so fast and her hair didn't come out and is as black as coal. Mrs. Jones declared she looked just like you.

Well, the weather is fine, lots of rain, we still got tomatoes and beans out of our garden, so you know the weather hasn't been very cold here yet.

Yes, the men know all about the agreement. Well, it looks to me as tho the men would wake up to the fact that in order to live a miner should have his own store. Each local should have its own store instead of trading with these lazy merchants. Make them go to work—to my mind that is the only way for a miner to live. Like a tale Red told about last night, about a fellow who took it upon himself to see how the miners live and if they needed a raise and he went back to report and said, "Why, the miners don't need a raise. Some of them own their own homes and some of them even have their toilets in their houses." They told that at the local meeting and one fellow got up and said, "Yes, that is our big men that we pay and that's why we need a raise, to keep them up in style."

O, well, you know they can't make a miner work and no one could take their places and the operators are up against it this time for they will have to yield. Lewis said there was one way for this strike to be averted and that was for them to come across. They've sure been making the money out of us. We do the work and they get the money, that is, the most of it. They only run the mines so much and they lay us off whenever they want to and then we eat up what we've made the days we work. They never give us a chance to get ahead. I guess it does cost to live. Our store bill runs $50 and $60 a day—how's that for two weeks, and that's not feeding six children any too much either.

The police in Boston are sure having a time, aren't they? Well, I guess we will all live till we die anyhow.

Mary says tell you she would welcome any kind of a dress now as she sure does need it. When do you think you can come home?

The railroads talk of coming out with the miners.

The men are making pretty good money now, you know how it is just before a strike, they run the mines full time so they can stock up with coal and hold out all the longer against us. Of course, that lets us make a little more, but what does it amount to, paying twice as much for what we eat? Jack had a good turn yesterday, but it didn't amount to much in a family of eight. Raising wages don't seem to do any good the way the cost of living goes up, but then it would go up anyway and it seems all we can do is to try to keep up with it, tho we never can. If we only had steady work we might have a chance to live, but this thing of working four days this week, two the next and three the next and then weeks of no work—well, we just can't live, that's all.

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If you see anyone with an old coat or suit they don't need, send it along.

Well, I don't know anything else, so I will close this time. Ans soon,

Your Sis, Julia.

Sixth Day of Strike.

Nov. 6, 1919.

Dear Sis:—Am answering as soon as possible. Well, in regard to the strike, we are still out, as you know. The men say they would rather go back at the same wages and to get their six hours for if we could be sure of six hours every day it would sure make a difference. They are all crying out against Wilson now. On to the White House, they say. Everyone says they will vote a straight Socialist ticket this next time. Jack says he don't want any more Democrats or Republicans, give him straight Socialists.

No, indeed, they can't make the miners work and everyone is as contented as if we had a million dollars. The world owes us all a living and we will live till we die anyhow. There is too much stuff in the U. S. for us to starve. Why, didn't we send our boys across to fight that we could be free. We would be fools to starve or freeze now. Why, only last night some guy drove up a box car and opened up and loaded up eight barrels of flour out of it. A little old nosey out at Virginia ran his legs off to tell on him. They caught him but this guy that told on him sure got it told to him. They called him a scab and everything and one fellow said, "Say, son, you're young, ain't you? You'll see lots of sights like that before this strike ends and if you take my advice, you'll shut your eyes when you see it."

Of course, we're not fixed for a strike, never would be, for that matter, they never give us enough work to lay anything ahead, but we can freeze them before they can starve us and operators can't dig their coal or beg it and we can beg unless they run an injunction against it. Everyone seems firm and they all think Lewis is a brick. You would think the men were out on a picnic, laughing and joking about the strike. Willie got up this morning and said, "Had breakfast, mamma?" I said, "No." He said, "Strike on?" I said, "Yes." He said, "I swear, I didn't think it would be for fifty years." We got four hogs and lots of fruit and flour. You ought to see my biscuits. Gee, they are good. Lots of people are talking of each local having its own store, but they all say they need a leader and they are asking Red where you are, would you come. Don't you think the only way the miners will ever have anything is to get each local a store of their own? Do you think you can come? Red wants to know.

Ty calls the baby Wee Buddie. Little Agnes is sick today and last night, too. I guess she is cutting teeth. So many babies are dying now.

I am making light bread. Smell it?

Ann is up now and looks some better. She sure has got her hands full with four men to do for.

I see in St. Louis they are about out of coal. Well, they know how to get it. Jack and Red said they could use their tools.

Will write again soon.

Your Sis, Julia.

Eighteenth Day of Strike.

Nov. 18, 1919.

Dear Sis:—Rec'd your letter today and must say it was fine. I have been expecting it for quite a while but was glad to get it.

Well, Sis, we are still out and everyone seems perfectly satisfied. You can't hear a word of complaint at all, don't even ask each other about work. Everyone seems to have plenty—course, we haven't, but we could have less. Everyone around here says Walker for next President, that Lewis should not have called the strike off, he should have gone to jail, for the men wouldn't tap a lick till they got him out. Anyway, the men won't go back.

Sis, do you reckon you will get home by the time we kill hogs, Christmas, anyhow? A lot of people are killing now.

Well, Sis, people are radical around here now. They have deceided that miners have a right to live and you should see the way they attend any kind of a meeting and they are sure strong for union leaders.

Yes, Pop received his $25. Wish it had been mine. You bet those things came in handy, especially the shoes. Mary and I were both barefooted almost. I gave the pumps to Ann and the shoes to Mary and the oxfords to myself. I took that corduroy skirt and made Ty an overcoat and pants and the jersey dress just fits me. Opal took the blue serge dress and Mary the velvet dress. Red says send all the men's shoes you can get. I took that brown coat of mine, changed the belt, and the pockets, and hemmed it up for Mary.

Jack said to tell you he had five loads of wood and he would give you a load if you would come after it. Coming?

Agnes knows her name now. You can call her Agnes and she just laughs. Today Ty said, "Mamma, who are you talking to?" I said, "To myself." "Do you ever talk to yourself?" and he said, "Sometimes I talk to a dime." You know he don't like nickles or pennies. But I don't guess he'll ever have as much as his namesake, the great Ty Cobb, do you?

Well, I wonder if they can run an injunction on the miners and make them work. Maybe they would like to put them in jail. Wouldn't they have a bunch?

Someone robbed Eisenstein's store Saturday night of $6,000 worth—wish I had been the lucky guy.

I wonder what they think of the rank and file now. They don't need any leaders. And the women are just as strong as the men, too.

Paving is going on here. They are putting up a big brick building and they're building a theatre so there is considerable work just now but our men can't be lucky enough to get on.

Thanksgiving and Christmas look blue now. Maybe, tho, it will come out all right. Ty says he must have an icicle, he calls it, and Agnes must have a doll for Xmas. I guess the rest can do without.

Red said ask you if you would be home Christmas. We all want to see you. You've been gone a century, it seems to me like.

Thurs. Eve.

The men are still holding faithful and I don't believe

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they will be back at work until the first of the month and pa says the first of the year.

Got all the coats today. Mary was tickled over the coat. It just fit her. Jack took the mackinaw. I haven't decided on the other coat but they all come in handy, you can bet.

Well, this is all I know. Agnes is crying. I know that. So ans soon.

Your Sis, Julia.

Thirtieth day of Strike.

Dear Sis:—Strike is still on as you can see by this paper, but Willie says it is the best kind to write on, so here goes. We are still out and I don't believe we will be back at work before the first of the year.

There was a meeting here last night. I didn't know it in time or I would have gone. I don't know anything that was said. I haven't heard.

Everyone is well satisfied yet. Of course, the storekeepers haven't yet shut us off. But anyway the miners have been through strikes without storekeepers and surely if we went through the strikes of the bygone days when we didn't have anything to start with and no credit and no nothing, surely we can go through the longest kind of a one these days. We'll never give in. They ought to know that about miners by this time. They've starved us before. In fact, we've always lived from hand to mouth, so we'll live somehow. We had a good Thanksgiving, goose, oyster dressing, pie and cake—all on credit, but still good. I am afraid we won't have such a good Christmas, tho. I would like for the kids to have something but I don't see any chance at all.

They talk of bringing the troops to protect the men who want to work, but where are the men who want to work? Not one around here. People say they can lay out as long as the people can do without coal. They ask Lewis if the men are prepared for a long strike. Why. aint we? Don't they give us enough to live on and to lay up? At least, that is what they tell the public.

There are a lot of cartoons around here. Everyone seems to be having lots of fun out of it. You can't tell there is any trouble at all. You can't hear anything, no talk of a strike, unless you ask, and then they'll say, O, they may go to work by the first of the year.

Well, we could make out, I guess, if the boys had clothes, but maybe they can make out till it is over.

Wish you could see Agnes. She is as fat as a pig and as pretty as can be. Ty and Willie are as mean as ever.

They are feeling now around here that Lewis did right because the miners wouldn't go back anyway. This is the miners' strike, not Lewis' strike, but the Government and the public don't seem to know that. Wonder if they know now. By Lewis obeying the injunction we had the chance to show them.

Sis, you're not coming home for Christmas, are you? Our hogs are fine. We will sure have some fine meat when we do kill them. We have lots of fruit, too.

I saw a cartoon about sugar, you know we can't get any at all now. The cartoon showed a woman in war time at the store. The grocer said, "Two pounds of sugar a month to each one in war time." Then in peace time he says, "No sugar at all."

Well, I will close. If you can get some stamps, I will write again right away. Lee said tell you that Mackinaw sure was warm. He just got through sewing buttons on it. He said tell you he was in the shoe business now, he fixed six pairs last week, but they were all thank you jobs.

Ans soon. Your Sis, Julia.

Nov. 14, 1919.

Dear Sis:—Your letter and book both received a few days ago. Pop got your letter yesterday. Was very glad to get check. Said it came in handy as we were trying to pay for that place and it won't take long now if they start to work soon and I believe they will for I believe we have got them whipped now. I notice that the public is coming over to our side a little now since Lewis called the strike off. I think he used good judgment by calling it off, he knew the men wouldn't work anyhow and it kept him out of jail and also turned some of the outsiders to our side. I guess the operators would have been glad if he hadn't called it off, but he was too smart for them. I wonder how they like the way we went to work. This is the quietest strike I ever saw. The people around here aren't worried a bit. They will never weaken a bit.

Well, you never said if you got my letter or not. Pop wanted you to see a Red Cross worker or someone about the allotment money Uncle Sam owes him.

Julia and Mary got the clothes and shoes.

When do you think you will get down here into the wilderness again?

Will close for this time as I want to get this mailed. Expecting an early reply, I am Your Bro, Tom.

Dec. 1, 1919.

Dear Sis:—Your letter received and was very glad to hear from you. We are all enjoying fine health and getting along fine. We are having nice weather, plenty of good rest, and eating three times a day.

I think Julia was wrong about Lewis. It is a settled fact that if he hadn't called off the strike they would put him in jail and it would have done us no good either. You see before we came out the operators said the men didn't want to come out, but our officers made us come out. So now since he called off the strike I guess they see that the men didn't want to work so bad. Don't you let anyone tell you that Lewis didn't know what he was doing. He had already found out if the men were strong enough to stay out if he called it off, said that if they were not, he wouldn't call it off and would go to jail. Of course, there are not many that know that he got in touch with the men after the injunction was served on him. I certainly think we will win the strike and both Pop and I think that by him calling it off will be the means of winning it. Yes, you bet. I think Lewis has got all of them cheated, if he don't change.

I like that little paper. That Captain and Lieut have got the same idea as I have about this military training business.

I will close for this time, expecting an early reply, I am,

Your Bro, Tom.

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The BANDWAGON

Onward Christian Sailors

"I BELIEVE in executions not excursions. If I were to deport Bolshevists I would have a ship of stone with sails of lead, the wrath of God for a gale, and Hell for the nearest port."—Dr. John Wesley Hill.

The Editor of the Metropolitan Defines Americanism

YOU cannot be against the capitalistic system and still for America; you cannot apologize for that system or feel ashamed of it and still be a good American. You cannot indeed be a good American, in the sense of being loyal to American traditions, unless you are proud of the capitalistic system.

Never Look Into the Rear of a Police Automobile

"THE most unfortunate case," said Congressman Siegel, "was that of a passerby who stopped five days ago to watch prisoners being loaded into a police automobile at a raid by agents of the Department of Justice and the police. Some overzealous officer picked him up. He is a man with a wife and two children, and had never been in the headquarters that were raided; but he was locked up, taken to Ellis Island, and kept there for five days."

Another Atrocity

"FIVE thousand illiterate men have been permitted to take courses in universities."—**Lieut. Klieforth, former attaché,** American Embassy, Petrograd.

Deportations

GOVERNOR Runyan is preparing to send letters to manufacturers throughout the State inviting them to a conference next Thursday at which ways and means for keeping foreign labor in New Jersey will be discussed. In his letter, Governor Runyan declared the State was facing a crisis in the labor market because so many foreigners were returning to their home countries.—New York Times.

Off With His Head

"Is it not the right of a lawyer to express his opinion of the validity of a statute?" asked Mr. Nelles, arguing the case of two Radicals.

"No," replied Justice Weeks, "he has not the right to question the validity of a statute after it has been passed upon . . . . I question whether he has not violated his oath as an attorney by such conduct, and should therefore no longer be permitted to practice."

Another Candidate for the Lusk Investigation

PROFESSOR Albert Einstein, Astronomer. *Proposed by*: Charles Lane Poor, Professor of Celestial Mechanics at Columbia University.

Discussing his candidate's theory of the refraction of light-rays, Professor Poor declares: "It may well be that . . Bolshevist uprisings are in reality the visible objects of some underlying, deep mental disturbance, world-wide in character . . This same spirt of unrest has invaded science."

CORRESPONDENCE

Why This Blockade?

SIR: Why this blockade of Russia? Do not the Allies know that Communism cannot exist in such a poverty stricken land as Russia's—contrary to current misinformation about her economic status? Communism that presupposes a highly developed industry, a scientific agriculture and a civilized and duty-conscious citizenry is impossible in a land of comparatively undeveloped industry, primitive agriculture and an ignorant population degraded by centuries of political slavery. But the Allies know this full well, they know that the Bolsheviki can hold sway over the unhappy land only in the artificial milieu created by the blockade of Central Russia coupled with subsidies to the monarchists on the periphery, they know that Lenin and the Central Soviet are looked upon as the only leaders able to save the land from foreign invasion and a return to Tsarism.

It is obvious to every student of the international politics of Europe that the Allies do not want Russia to get on her feet again; they want her divided and impotent. Russai, with one hundred and twenty-five millions of highly gifted Slavs, all, except in the Southwest, speaking the same language, professing the same religion, inheriting the same traditions, form the largest block of homogeneous people in Europe; add to this their unparalleled power of assimilating surrounding populations, their high birth-rate, the vast extent of territory over which they can spread out, and you will realize why the Allies dread this nation, potentially the mightiest in Europe.

It is not in the interest of France with her declining birth-rate, not in the interest of England with her insular exclusiveness and lack of assimilating powers, not in the interest of Italy cooped up in her narrow peninsula to have a mighty Russia.

England from the Island of Oesel is trying to form as a barrier against Russia, the tribes of Finland, Esthland, Latvia and Lithuania; to them, with the help of Poland, is given the task of keeping Russia out of the Baltic and North European waters. France, with the aid of Rumania and Greece, and of the English in Transcaucasia, is fanning the religional jealousies of the Ukrainians and the Cossacks into national self-consciousness; this is done to keep Russia away from the Black Sea and the Mediterranean.

In fact, the Allies are doing now identically the same work that Wilhelm II tried to do after Brest-Litovsk; the work that Napoleon, and before him Charles XII, of Sweden, tried; namely, to keep Russia away from tidewater by setting up semi-independent states on her maritime borders.

But why should the United States have a hand in this attempt to strangle a great nation? America needs a strong and united Russia as the only possible ally in the Pacific, as neither China nor Australia can be of much assistance in the near futre.

With the blockade lifted and commercial intercourse with Europe and America re-established, Russia is bound to turn more and more to the right; she cannot stay part communist and part capitalist in the midst of a world wholly capitalistic (democratic). B. S. GUARDIAN.

Brooklyn, New York.

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Books and Things

FOR the past two weeks I have been reading Bertrand Russell's Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy. What prompted me to begin it was a gust of harmless vanity. "If you get started in mathematical philosophy you'll find a lot of your best ideas aren't valid." "There are only nine mathematical philosophers in the world." Comment of this sort, recurring occasionally in conversation, had whetted a desire on my part to discover where I stood in the procession of the giants. No self-esteem made me hope to find myself marching side by side with the nine behemoths; but ambition, perhaps, encouraged me to think I might follow while their spoor was still fresh. And the appearance of Mr. Russell's book seemed to open opportunity.

For his publishers announced that here was a primer for the novice. "It is intended for those who have no previous acquaintance with the topics of which it treats." It demanded "no more knowledge of mathematics than can be acquired at a primary school or even at Eton." Moreover, a preliminary glance at Mr. Russell's preface led me to think he would play fair. He didn't intend "an exhaustive discussion"; he would simply try "to set forth certain results, hitherto only available to those who have mastered logical symbolism, in a form offering the minimum of difficulty to the beginner."

My guess would be that at least part of the way Mr. Russell lives up to his promise. This is certainly true of that portion of the book ending on page 5. I am not exaggerating when I say that in these first five pages there are frequent passages which I understand. Some passages are so clear that I can see what they mean the second or third time I read them. Other passages I have to read a little oftener. Here and there is something I am still unsure of. I am not honestly certain that I understand (pages 1 and 2) just what the difference is between mathematical philosophy and any other kind of mathematics or any other kind of philosophy—and I am aware that this is a matter of some fundamental importance to the study. Nor am I sure (page 3) whether "the degree of abstraction" varies directly or inversely with the progress of mathematics; nor (page 4) whether it was the finding of certain incommensurabilities that led Pythagoras to discover the weak spots in the arithmetizing of mathematics, or whether it was his discovery of the weak spots in mathematics that helped him put his finger on the incommensurabilities. It is only frank to say, too, that I do not find "the five primitive propositions of Paeno" (page 5) so primitive as they might be. These little commandments read with deceiving artlessness. One of them, for instance, says that "no two numbers have the same successor." To the uncritical reader that seems on a par with the opening sentence of McGuffey's First Reader: "The cat is on the mat." As a statement of fact it seems self-evident. But can you prove it? Mr. Russell is a mathematician of standing, but even for him it is no task to take lightly. "Let o mean X_o," he says, "let number mean the whole set of terms, and let the successor of X_n mean X_{n+1}. Then o is a number, i. e. X_o is a number of that set." There is some more of this, but I hesitate about quoting it for the reason that I am not able to make up my mind whether it is part of the present argument or the beginning of something else.

The truth of the matter is that Mr. Russell himself admits our knowledge is not sufficiently articulate or analytic really to deal with Paeno. "All we can do," if we adopt Paeno's method, "is to say we know what we mean by 'o' and by 'number' and 'successor,' though we cannot explain what we mean in terms of other simpler concepts. It is quite legitimate to say this when we must, and at *some* point we all must; but it is the object of mathematical philosophy to put off saying it as long as possible." For my own part, struggle as I may, I find myself unable to put it off longer than the end of Chapter Two.

For with the beginning of Chapter Three Mr. Russell introduces into the plot a new situation. It is not new in the sense that Mr. Russell invented it. Frege, he says, dealt with it so long ago as 1879, in his Begriffsschrift. But Frege's book was no best-seller. "In spite of the great value of his work," says Mr. Russell, "I was, I believe, the first person who ever read it—more than twenty years after its publication." What circulation the book ultimately had, it would be difficult to guess. Portions that Mr. Russell quotes indicate that it never became a favorite. But it plays an important part in the development of Mr. Russell's argument. For against a background of the Begriffsschrift he confronts his reader with the case of Finitude vs. Infinity.

It is at this point that I begin to observe a weakness on my own part which stays with me to the end. "The key to our problem," says Mr. Russell, "lies in mathematical induction." Now of mathematical induction I manage to understand a little. But what troubles me is to know what problem it is a key to. I have a key but no keyhole. The key I hold continuously in my right hand. And I thrust it hopefully into anything that offers. But it fits nowhere. I go through the book without finding a lock to match it. I have it in my hand when the treatise closes.

For my difficulty through all of Mr. Russell's later chapters is that while I appreciate the force of all of his illustrations I am seldom able, and then with difficulty, to see clearly what they illustrate. The millionaire who bought socks, for instance. Or the goods train so long that it never gets into motion. Or the man who met a unicorn. Or the "backward R-step." Each of these instances comes home to me. Each is clear and convincing. But each retains its individuality despite my best efforts to mix it with its background. What they illustrate, for me, is not so much the argument as the fact that with each turn of the page my clutch is slipping. Millionaires and goods trains—or socks and unicorns, for that matter—I cannot place in proper perspective to the multiplicative axiom, the Dedekindian gap, Cantorian continuity, and the laws of exponentiation.

I finish Mr. Russell's Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy. But I finish it in no blaze of glory. Rather it is as the aching plodder sinks beneath a pelting desert sand-storm. Mr. Russell's publishers hold out an invitation. There are other books that deal with mathematical philosophy, they say—books "for those who wish to proceed to a more serious study of the subject." Shall I take advantage of their invitation? No. I think not. Mr. Russell's book, on the whole, is serious enough for me. For the present I shall sit back and view the subject in its larger aspects.

C. M.

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Mr. Frank's America

Our America, by Waldo Frank. New York: Boni & Liveright.

THE task Mr. Frank has proposed for himself in this volume is really admirable and magnificent. We have in the United States very few books that make a diagnosis of our cultural feebleness and very few books that define "the promise and the dream" of American culture. In Our America Mr. Frank has tried his hand at the diagnosis, and as to the prognosis (a good word, which cost me ten medical dollars) he has actually named the men on whom he bases his wishes and hopes. If Mr. Frank does not entirely succeed—and I do not think he does—he at least fails in a noble cause; and his failure is distinctly a matter of opinion.

The line of the argument is not entirely original. Mainly derived from Van Wyck Brooks and Randolph Bourne, as Mr. Frank acknowledges, it bears the same relation to Mr. Brooks' chaste design that Roman sculpture does to Greek. In Mr. Frank's florid version the argument runs like this: Puritanism was man's first disobedience and the fruit; Puritanism sprang from the agrarian and industrial unrest of England; it was essentially irreligious, a cloak of the will to power; the early colonies were grounded upon conscious purposes of wealth; the Constitution secured the commercial oligarchy that persists today; the Revolutionary Fathers wanted to make money for themselves, that was what they meant by Liberty; the stride of America was fatefully economic—reformer, poet or priest had to keep step or be blotted out; the early colonies lived in an unending beat of danger, every narrowing instinct of self-preservation and acquisition tended to make them intolerant, materialistic, unaesthetic; they demanded unity of life in order to face the unbroken foes that circled them, therefore they were in no mood to brook religious or social dissension; the stern problem of self-preservation brought intensity to their inhibitions; the pioneer had forever to be "up and doing," he had no leisure to digest what he had done; by the same token, he abhorred that vicarious experience which is art; the Puritan's nature fitted him superbly to be a pioneer, the pioneer existence made permanent the Puritan's nature; more easily than their neighbors, the Anglo-Saxons became life-denying, culture-denying pioneers; religion became an important aid to the business of life; culture became a commodity; so we evolved pragmatism, a mere extension of the old pioneering mood; the legs of the pioneer became the brains of the philosopher; the pioneering force increased, feeding upon itself, meaning febrile effort, the unending outplay of nerves, the atrophy of the restraining inner powers of reserve—above all, the Machine; Industrialism swept the American land and made it rich, broke in on the American soul and made it poor; the United States was from the outset an experiment in commercial politics, American wealth became fodder in a sty to be gorged and guzzled by stampeding pigs at the nadir of American materialism and rationalism; Abraham Lincoln (child of the pioneer plains) became a saint; this generation is not mature enough to know what is the nature of her wealth in Lincoln; Lincoln prophesies the break from the materialistic culture of pioneer America, personifies the emergence from it of a poetic and religious experience based on the reality of American life—and in terms so simple that they have become the experience of all; such a one also was Walt Whitman.

These phrases from Mr. Frank make a familiar point. Its defects in the present version seem to me to be equally familiar. Mr. Frank is himself an example of those reactions, sublimations, compensations, wish-fulfillments, will to power, complexes, myths and taboos of which he so lavishly discourses. He needs a Goliath in his business as one of the little Davids of the American seven arts and that Goliath has to be a whopper. Hence "the brutal burden of the pioneering West." Hence the tearful description of Mark Twain who, we are told, "went through life lost in a bitter blindness that is far more terrible than the hate of men like Schopenhauer or Jonathan Swift." Hence the "extraversion" of Jack London. Mr. Frank blackens all the shadows. He shows Ralph Waldo Emerson as a little Eva hopping the ice-cakes of dissolving Puritanism, "a transcending leap away from all that was mortal-human." And deep in the shadow lie those counter-claims that Mr. Frank cannot conveniently recognize; the idealism of the Quakers, the bonhomie of Franklin, the generous impulses of the Declaration of Independence, the beauty in New England architecture and New England poetry, the comparative surmounting of caste, even the dignity of the myths that America conjured for itself. These are factors that interfere with glib and flashy generalization, and they must be taken into account. To leave them out of account is to beg the whole question of American social achievement, by which I mean the achievement of certain distinctive decencies between man and man, man and woman, parent and child, teacher and pupil, official and citizen—decencies greatly in dispute and easily exaggerated, but part of the American inheritance which it is Mr. Frank's business to follow Abraham Lincoln and Walt Whitman in observing.

The reason Mr. Frank does not observe these things is, I imagine, his eupeptic ease in Zion. He is, to use his own favorite words, too consciously fecund, pregnant, creative, generative. He feels "we must begin to generate within ourselves the energy, which is love of life. For that energy, to whatever form the mind consign it, is religious." —And he is bursting too much with his new wine of energy, love of life, religion, to waste much conscientious effort on the first-hand evidences of old America. He has a fine word to speak for the yea-saying Puritans—Thoreau, Ryder, Frost, Amy Lowell, Henry Adams. He writes with verve and imagination about Masters and Dreiser, Carl Sandburg and Sherwood Anderson. The great successors to Lincoln and Whitman are, however, his personal friends Alfred Stieglitz ("'291' is a religious fact: like all such, a miracle"), Leo Ornstein, Paul Rosenfeld and James Oppenheim. These men, with his former associates Van Wyck Brooks and Randolph Bourne, are the men for whom Mr. Frank so freely disparages Henry James. They are the great vitalities by whose side James is a small vitality ("In the sense that art is the expression of clever and idle fingers, his work is impeccable in form. But in the sense that art is the register upon a deep human consciousness of dimensioned and dynamic life, his novels are formless.")

This judgment does not err on the side of timidity, but when Mr. Frank's expositions of taste are considered, perhaps his idea of Henry James can better be comprehended. For Mr. Frank is a writer with an afflatus, a very pronounced afflatus, and he has more "vitality" than Henry

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James ever dreamt of. Let me illustrate his exuberance:

"America is a turmoiled giant who cannot speak. The giant's eyes wander about the clouds: his feet are sunk in the quicksands of racial and material passion. One hand grasps the mountains, and the other falls bruised and limp upon the lowlands of the world. His need is great, and what moves across his eyes is universal. But his tongue is tied."

"Gashes like the Grand Canyon of the Colorado where earth lies disemboweled and men peer down into the stupendous womb of life."

"This is the prairie . . . And then the white man. Buffalo and Indians vanished. But the loam of the plains was ready like a wanton woman. Here was a race who would plant endless wheat and corn, a race of insatiate desire. The prairie would have fruit to dower and dominion the world. Here at least was a race of lovers to satisfy a prairie."

The stockyards: "A stench that is warm and thick, and that is stubborn. A stench somehow sorrowful and pregnant, as if the sweat of men joined with the guts of beasts brought forth a new drear life. And when the wind is from the South, this stench is wafted out to the entire city."

Dreiser, "a burly giant with a face as tender as a little girl's."

"Carl Sandburg is aware of himself: that means aware of life: that means in love."

"Dell read the manuscript of the first book [Sherwood Anderson's] and took it shouting to New York."

These passages indicate Mr. Frank's enormous and imperturbable complacency. It is, next to the outlandish log-rolling, perhaps the worst limitation of his book. For while only a young man could write so extravagantly, only a smug young man could make extravagance so ornamentative, and Mr. Frank's smugness in style makes one contemptuous of the basic judgment that "cultural America in 1900 was an untracked wilderness but dimly blazed by the heroic ax of Whitman."

On the whole, however, the book transcends its special pleading. Its glance at the buried cultures of the Mexican and the Indian is interesting, and its interpretation of the Jews in America is exceptionally good. Had Mr. Frank avoided the illusion that he was writing a new Democratic Vistas, he might have written an attractive book.

F. H.

A Wounded Intellect

Leonid Andreyev (1871-1919)

"I HAVE traversed many towns and lands, and nowhere have I seen a free man," says one of Andreyev's heroes. "I have seen only slaves. I have seen cages in which they live, beds on which they are born and die; I have seen their hatred and love, their sin and virtue. And their pleasures have I seen; miserable attempts at reviving ancient joy. And whatever I saw bore the stamp of stupidity and madness . . . . Amid the flowers of a beautiful earth they have erected a madhouse."

These words could be made a motto to most of Andreyev's works. Andreyev questions the fundamentals of our life. Things taken by mankind for granted he subjects to a sharp scrutiny only to arrive at the conclusion that there is "madness and horror" everywhere. Human existence, human thought, human actions and valuations strike him as full of exasperating problems that allow no rest and no happiness to the inquisitive mind. The simplest of these problems is, perhaps, the problem of the subconscious. Man never knows what he is apt to do in a few minutes. "Thousands of lives are present in my soul," Andreyev says in one of his essays, "lives that preceded my birth. Every life speaks its own language." Can there be any prospect of freedom for the individual?

Andreyev creates one work after the other to emphasize this lack of freedom. Man's passions are the abysmal brute that is ever lurking in the depths of the human soul. Man's thought is a treacherous weapon that turns against its master in the most crucial moment. Man is limited to his individual consciousness, ever unable to cast a glance under the skull of another human being. Man thinks he is embracing the universe while he himself is only a slave to laws of thought and existence that not he has created and not he is at liberty to alter.

Walls and walls are surrounding Andreyev on every side: The wall of the laws of nature that makes every human being a prisoner in the world, and the wall of our psychology that makes a man a prisoner within his own brain; the wall of blind fate determining the lot of man with implacable cruelty, and the wall of the unknown that breathes dread into human souls; the wall of modern culture crushing every trait of creative individuality; and the wall of human institutions with their misery, hatred, oppression of the weakest, and the streams of innocent blood; the wall of age which nobody can fail to approach, and the wall of all walls—death looming up at the end of men and worlds.

Against all these walls, Andreyev's thought beats with furious passion. He finds no solution. He accepts no consolation. Religion is no answer to him. God, if there is a God, is the greatest of all riddles that make man's mind despair and man's heart ache with indignation; love leads nowhere since men that burnt themselves out in a great sacrifice of love have not improved the world; good in general is of no avail since it is a shame to flaunt one's goodness in a world steeped in sin, wretchedness and evil. Only a miracle could break the numerous walls that surround our existence, but he who puts his faith in a miracle is finally deceived and betrayed.

Thus Andreyev is engaged in a cruel feud with life, with destiny, with God, with reason. He challenges his masters, the masters of all our fortunes, in the words of Anathema: "I am tired of searching. I am tired of living and of fruitless suffering in my vain pursuit of the thing that ever escapes me. Give me death, but do not torture me with not knowing." Yet the only answer he hears from "Him who Guards the Entrance" is: "My face is uncovered, yet you do not see it. My speech is loud, yet you do not hear it. My commands are clear, yet you do not know them. And you shall never see and never hear and never understand." He who Guards the Entrance is speaking "in the language of silence," and loud cries out Andreyev, the man with the wounded intellect, in a contemptuous protest against a reply that answers nothing. Loudly rings that cry of despair through all Andreyev's writings.

From the angle of these multifarious queries Leonid Andreyev appears to be the most universal writer. From the standpoint of psychological motives and moving social forces, however, Andreyev is intrinsically Russian. It is not

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an accident that whenever he happens to portray actual life in a realistic manner, he finds nothing but poverty, cruelty, meanness. The village as he sees it is in the grip of unspeakable misery (Sashka Zhegulev, The Life of Vassily Fiveysky); the common urban population knows no happiness (The Little Angel, In the Fog, Darkness); hardly one out of a thousand men in the street can preserve his human dignity and honor. In the later periods of his creative work Leonid Andreyev seldom resorts to mere description of existing conditions. Yet whenever his problem compels him to glance at life's realities, it seems as if he had opened a trap-door into a cold and dark cavern full of poisonous gases.

This subterranean current, always felt if not always accentuated in Andreyev's colorful and sonorous configurations; this omnipresence of poverty and degradation underneath a thin crust of modern culture, an abysmal apparition that sent a chill through Russian intelligentzia of whatever social or political denomination, makes the "abstract" Andreyev very close to "concrete" Russian life. In fact, Andreyev kept very careful watch over Russian political and social events of the stormy years. Starting with the Red Laughter (1905) which reflected the Russo-Japanese war and which gained its author more fame than any of his former creations in spite of its dubious artistic value, Andreyev marks every new phase in Russian socio-political movements with a new story or play. The place of So it was (1905) is outwardly transferred into a historical no man's land, in reality it pictures the fatefulness of a mass-movement in a popular revolution. The Governor (1906) represents a Russian official who has sinned against the people and who falls a victim of revolutionary vengeance. Savva (1906) is an anarchist who wants "to destroy everything, the old houses, the universities, science, the old literature, the old art" in order "to free the earth, to free thought, to open a new, great, unknown world." In Darkness (1907), a terrorist, an idealist, raises the question: What right has a man to be good in face of so many sinful wrecks whose sins are not their own fault? King Hunger (1908) is a reflection of the Russian general strikes in 1905-6, as To the Stars (1906) is a direct outcome of the numerous armed insurrections in Russian towns in the same year. The hero of Sashka Zhegulev is the leader of a band of "expropriators", half bandits, half revolutionists, with whom the Russian earth was abundant after the abortive revolution. The Seven Who Were Hanged (1909) gives utterance to the horror and indignation experienced by thinking Russia at the sight of numerous scaffolds erected by autocracy to punish political opponents. The Sorrows of Belgium (1914) is a hymn to the self-sacrificing spirit of the little country under German invasion.

In all of these works Andreyev is not so much interested in the events themselves or in their outcome, as in their meaning for the human conscience, in their bearing upon the universal problems of human existence. In this as in all other aspects of his creative activities, Andreyev is the spokesman of the Russian intellectual who was awakened by modern progress from the sluggishness of a patriarchal system to the realization of the complexity of life. The Russian intellectual was suddenly put before enormous tasks. The alternative of either heroic sacrifice for a common cause or cowardly abstinence from life's constructive work presented itself to every self-conscious individual. Life itself was undergoing catastrophic changes. Everything was shaking, yielding, giving way to new forms. It looked as if a powerful hand had tossed all structures asunder revealing the very foundations. Russian intellect was feverishly scrutinizing life, revaluing the most harrowing problems. It was in the nature of Russian surroundings to tinge all these gropings with the dark colors of sadness, loneliness, pessimism. Andreyev was the writer destined to embody this spirit of intellectual unrest in striking artistic pictures. When he wrote his great question marks, he brought together strong yet unclear currents of thought and emotion diffused through thinking Russia, and out of them created vivid images. The response was vast.

Andreyev is never contented to write a story for the story's sake. Every story or play of his represents a problem. The scheme is somewhat like this: Granted a man is put in certain conditions and made to suffer certain experiences, what would be the spiritual or moral effect? The surroundings and conditions thus become of subordinate importance; the center of gravity is put into the spiritual or moral reaction.

The form itself becomes of subordinate value. None of the Russian writers has so often changed the form of his writings and none is so difficult to put into a class. In his early works (1898-1902) Andreyev is still under the apparent influence of Chekov and may be classed with what is commonly known as the "realistic school." Yet already The Wall (1901) with its lepers vainly attempting to crush or climb over the implacable and eternally silent Great Wall that stands between them and the unknown, bears all the earmarks of a symbolistic work. So is The Ocean (1911) a tragedy which, to put it into the words of a Russian critic, is "a hymn to chaos," "to those boundless, unconquered elemental powers of life, to those new and fearful possibilities which exceed all limits of conscious creative work." The Life of Man (1907) introduced a method christened in Russia as *schematization,* while King Hunger and The Black Marks (1908) are populated by mere allegories. Andreyev's method is never the same in two successive productions, yet Andreyev is everywhere the same with his passionate temperament, with his furious impact, with his fearless piercing of the most painful wounds, with his masterful imagination and with that power of expression which makes even the abstract creations of his mind glow with intense life and which makes the excruciating pain of a Don Lorenzo or a Judas Iscariot become our own. It is Andreyev's personality that lends unity to all his productions. For this personality, thinking Russia loved Andreyev and crowned him among the masters of its thought.

Andreyev's style is the most metallic in all modern Russian literature. His works have to be recited, not read. His prose has a unique rhythm which makes it more musical than many of the free verse creations. "There is a spiral-like impetuosity in the combination of Andreyev's words and phrases," says Arabazhin. "His words harass, beat, lash your face, they importunately intrude into your soul, they moan and clang, they ring the great alarm bell, they strike your heart like claps of thunder, they rankle in your soul, sometimes they yelp and howl like hungry dogs begging for mercy and attention. Andreyev loves contrasts. His contours are sharp. Everything is thrust on the canvas with crude and bold strokes, sometimes producing a sensational effect." And yet, there is often a beautiful tenderness, an almost bashful love of life and youth in many of Andreyev's works. In spite of his heralded objectivism, there is a strain of lyricism vibrating through his thunderous questionings,

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at times rising to heights of powerful harmony and drowning all other sounds. It is this personal, intimately human quality that lends his writings a peculiar fascination.

It was consistent with Andreyev's pessimism to look with dismay upon the recent turn in the Russian revolution. To him it was the end of Russian culture, the agony of Russia itself. In this as in all other crises he shared the feelings of his fellow intellectuals to whom he remained faithful unto death. We have all read his recent clarion call against the rule of the proletariat in Russia. The strain proved too great for his heart that became weakened by assiduous work and incessant burning. With him, a great man has disappeared from the horizon of Russian letters, and his death will be painfully felt wherever Russian creative genius is valued. MOISSAYE J. OLGIN.

Two Novels

Deep Waters, by W. W. Jacobs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

WITH greater variety and a more interesting interplay of struggle between group and individual, W. W. Jacobs gives us in Deep Waters another collection of anecdotes from the lives of his familiar English sea folk. These stories, like their predecessors, are alongated plot situations of mistaken identity, mystery, petty malice, and awkward love-making which gain their humor from the generic and intrinsic qualities of the tale rather than from superimposed comment or cleverness, and rest for their main interest on an ingenious use of dramatic suspense and surprise.

Quite naturally their quality of amusing credulity cannot be separated from them nor blurted in short quotations, but must follow the windings of the story through bewilderment and explanation to the end. Like the incidental narratives of village or neighborhood, these minute folk tales are, in skeleton, an unconscious sort of literature, unpretentious and isolated. In the hands of a great artist, Chekov or De Maupassant, they become symbolic and illuminating—but Jacobs is content to record.

In the musings of the night-watchman, indeed, the author has attempted to stretch the meaning of the story beyond the lives of the actors and build the bridge of significance from the particular to the universal, but the night-watchman, strangely, is no greater artist than his creator. He cannot supply by a whimsical reflection the revealing accuracy of observation which selects the characteristic detail from the uncritical material of life, and in showing us the veracity of the particular makes us realize that only the truly specific is general.

Although the stories remain isolated and at least half unconscious there is, nevertheless, much pleasure in reading them. Their very bluntness makes the humor more quaint and curious and the lack of an elaborate stage setting and of journalistic manipulation adds to their verisimilitude and spontaneity. Compared with their Great American cousins, these English short stories are quiet and undecorous. Their personnel have not been manicured for a movie-bemused audience. They refuse to go through life slightly over-dressed and under-fed, lack the supreme athletic prowess of our westerners, and are not so heavily salt-encrusted as our Cape Codders. They are never so extraordinary as our heroes, but they have a far closer connection with the human race.

R. V. A. S.

The Old Madhouse, by William De Morgan. New York: Henry Holt.

THE De Morgan approach, manner and achievement have been well exemplified before. The Old Madhouse merely corroborates. It is a lengthy opus of dragging plot interest, almost undifferentiated and static characters, and the banal comments of an elderly gentleman. Its chief value exists as a peg upon which to hang a summing-up discussion of its author.

De Morgan's approach was from a viewpoint constructed of certain familiar convictions of the Victorian Age,—namely, that codes of morality are more important than art, that effects are to be condemned without a close inquiry into causes, that the tenor of the universe warrants optimism. These ingredients were fused by a sympathy grounded on sentimentality, not born from suffering.

His manner was Early Victorian, a significant choice when one reflects that the full flood of Victorianism proper produced essayists and poets but not novelists. It was to some extent an adaptation of thought to form. De Morgan had the temerity to pour a Victorian content into a mould intended to approximate Dickens and Thackeray. In particular, he strove for a Pickwickian humor and the suave observations of that man of the world, Thackeray.

As an executant he was faulty in both approach and manner. He lacked the lofty fervor, the high seriousness which at least secures respect for the great Victorians. His humor resolved into the well-worn inanities of an unimaginative university don playing with his dog. And his asides to the reader verge towards an intolerable dullness. What he tried to do was to perpetuate the line of Victorian writers: what he achieved was a decadence of their qualities. Subjected to other tests, the net result appears still more worthless. Of the novel as an art-form, of aesthetic design and organization, he had no conception. His characters lack the third dimension. And yet De Morgan naively believed that they determined the plots of his novels. Why then did he so frequently employ impossible coincidences and ruses to extricate the story? In all his writings documentary solidity is absent. Not once did he create a complete and satisfying ensemble. Nor are there other compensations for the lack of aesthetic significance. He neither arouses with a play of ideas nor liberates with an insight nor does he even provide entertainment. The spectacle is that merely of a well-disposed bore mingling with a group of equally boring characters whom he has tried to conceive. The reader who has time for the prolixity of Butler, Rolland and Tolstoi grows impatient at the platitudinous prolixity of the De Morgan group.

There are explanatory dramatic elements in the literary history of De Morgan. It was in 1905 when, at the age of sixty-four, he published his first and best novel, Joseph Vance. The time was favorable. For in 1905 the momentum of the Victorian Age was still powerful: the reaction was just gathering headway. The very solid body of champions of the by-gone age welcomed Joseph Vance with acclaim. They enabled De Morgan to entrench himself strongly as a literary force. It has taken some years to wear his position down. But a succession of deteriorating novels from his pen, the influence of the Gallic novelform and of the penetrant urbanity of Samuel Butler upon English literature, the retreat of Victorianism and the onrush of new forces have converted appreciation into depreciation. It has been an abortive rearguard and the onrush of new forces have converted appreciation

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into depreciation. It has been an abortive rearguard fight. The Old Madhouse falls upon a vastly different world than did Joseph Vance. And to us it seems the last senile gesture of an age outgrown.

G. B. M.

Madeleine, an Autobiography. New York: Harper and Brothers.

MADELEINE is the story of a prostitute who has been driven to it by economic reasons, first her own and then her mother's. Evil companions cause her to "fall," and then she hides away until her child is still-born, and in the interim starvation forces her to the street and into a "house." When she is ready to make a fight for re-admission into society her mother is threatened with the poorhouse, and Madeleine goes back on the evil but moneymaking road. She follows its many ramifications until the very end of the book when a Catholic priest rescues her from the slough of drink and despond. Judge Ben Lindsey vouches for the truth of this scarlet story, and there seems no reason to doubt the essential facts. They are accurate items in the loathesomeness of a society that refuses to accept a Maxim Gorky and invites the promiscuous business man who keeps his diversions dark. Madeleine as a piece of literature is another matter. It will hardly, as the hopeful publishers claim, "sit down with Rousseau, De Quincy and Bashkirtseff. "Madeleine" is too evidently writing for publication. She insists ad tedium on her own highmindedness and purity of motive, until one is forced to contrast her protestations and her livelihood. She informs us gravely that as she "had to draw the line somewhere" she drew it at smoking cigarettes and painting her face. She is full of solemn old quotations and newspaper clichés, and she talks like prurient conventionality itself about "sin and depravity." Yet under her romantic draperies is a pathetic and hideous reality, and if the sight of it suffices to crack at least one suburban complacency the publication of Madeleine is justified.

The Index for Volume XX, which was completed with our issue No. 260, has been printed separately. It will be mailed on request, post free, to any subscriber who will send his name and address on a post card directed to the New Republic, 421 West 21st St., New York City.

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THE MINER'S WIFE, whose letters appear in this issue, prefers for obvious reasons to remain anonymous. The letters are known to be authentic.

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